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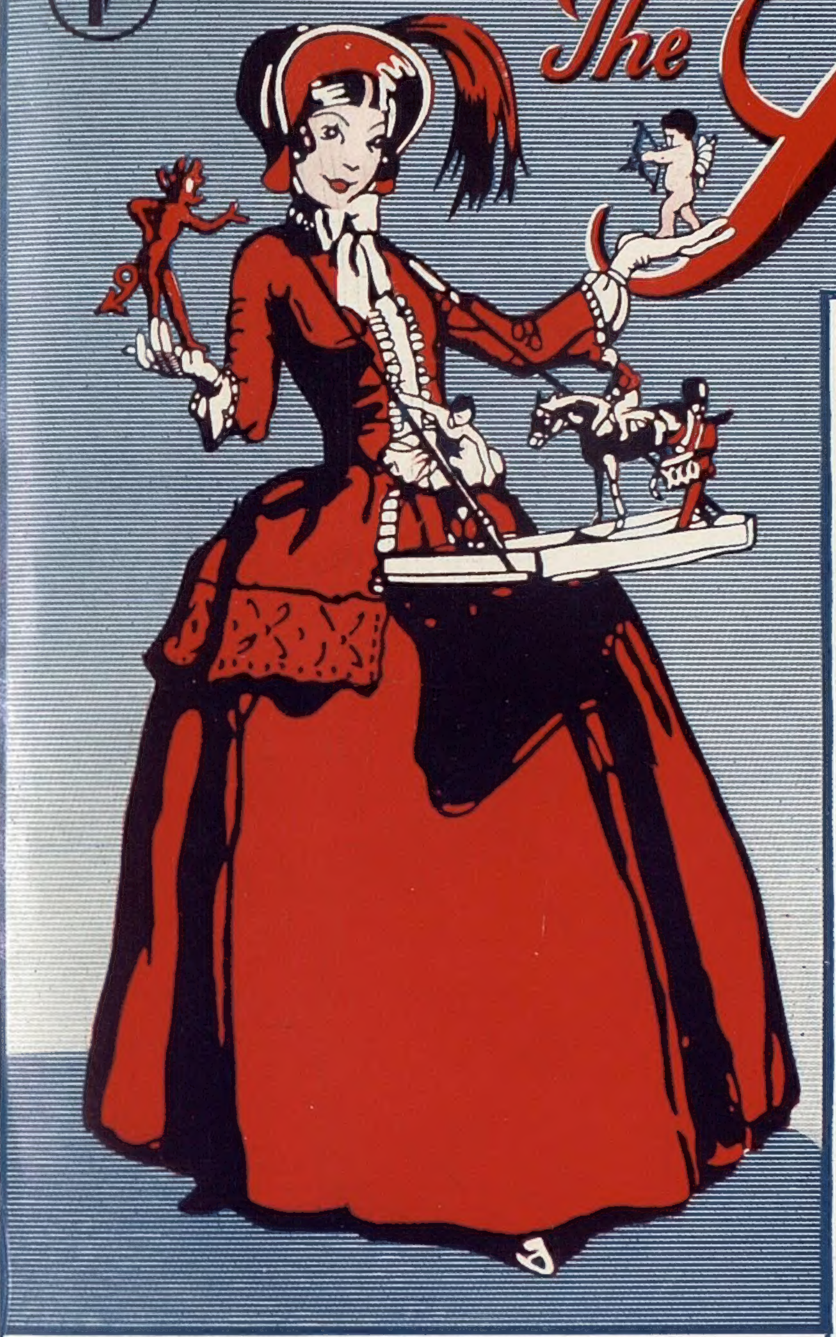

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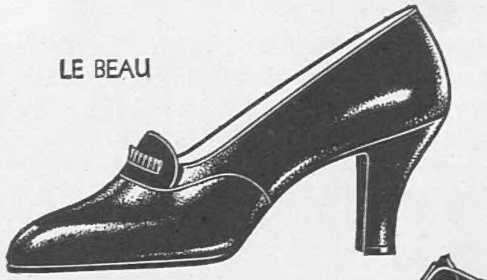

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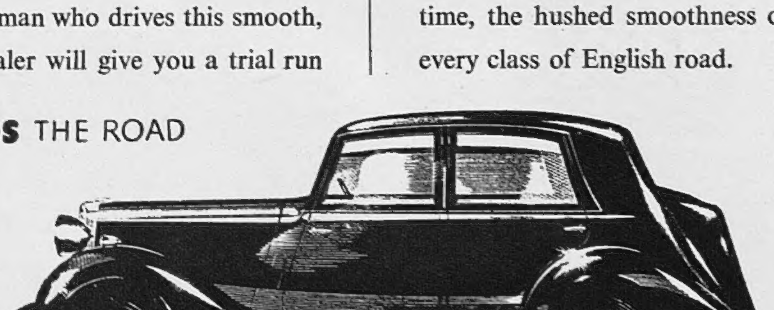

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The Sketch

No. 2310—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, DORLAND HOUSE.

HIPPOCAMPUS HEPTAGONUS FOR HER SCARF PIN.

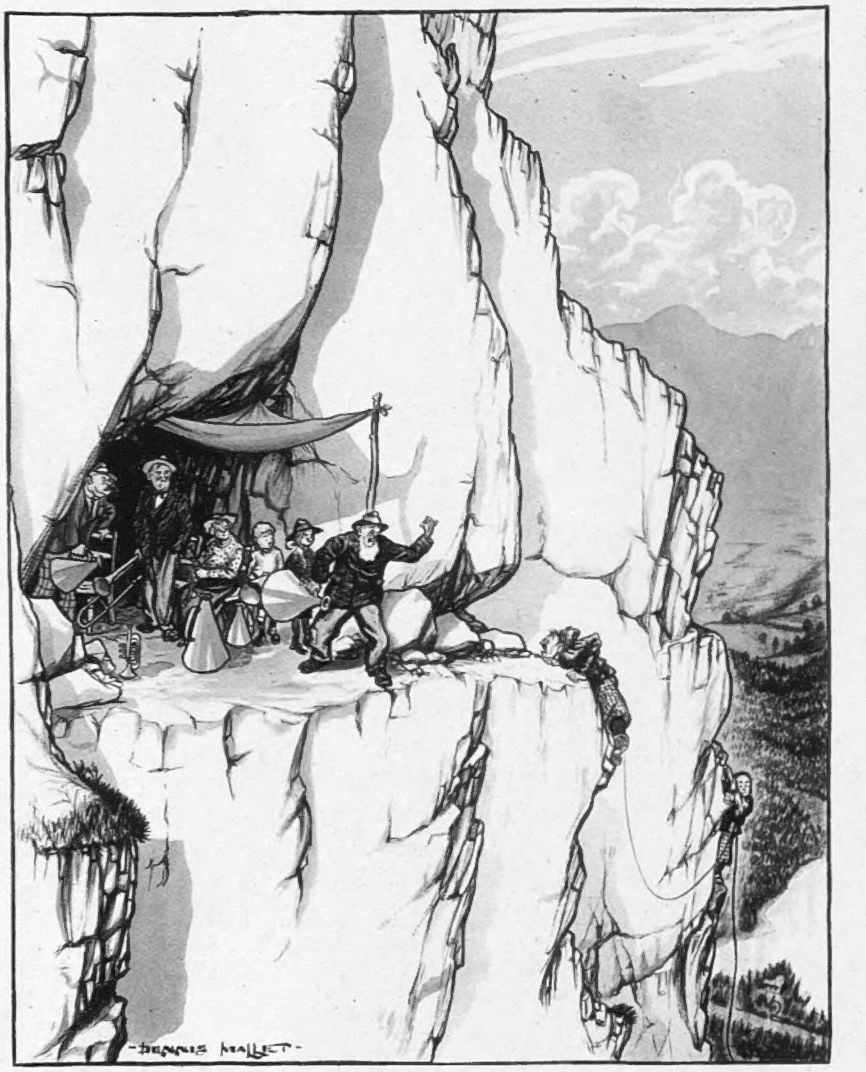
VISCOUNTESS RATENDONE, *the wife of Viscount Ratendone, only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, is well suited by her leopard-skin coat and cap. She has a little sea-horse (Hippocampus heptagonus) as a pin for her velvet scarf, a most original fashion. Lady Ratendone was Miss Mary Foster. She is the daughter of Mr. Basil Foster.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

TEA.

An intrepid airman (if the adjective is not superfluous) recently flew all the way from Japan to these shores. They gave him a cup of tea to brace him up after his long ordeal. I suppose they thought the stimulant more appropriate for a distinguished visitor from the Orient than the double-and-splash which the gross Western mind would have preferred in the circumstances. They were wrong. The visitor, of course, accepted the gift with the unfailing courtesy of his race. But some time later he uttered these pregnant words: "Your tea is horrid."



"What the . . . ?"
"It 's all right, Zir. Council keeps us on dooty 'ere; we 're the echoes from Bellow Ledge, over yonder."

DRAWN BY DENNIS MALLET.

What! Our tea *horrid*? This guileless Japanese has been accustomed to a fragrant infusion of the choicest Pekoe, served under the cherry-blossoms, with graceful ritual, by kneeling geisha. He does not guess what the horrors of tea can really be. He has never had a cup of tea in those parts of Europe where they regard tea as a medicine, chiefly useful for curing the *migraine*—though any normally constituted person would prefer the *migraine* to the ordinary cup of tea in these unenlightened countries. This unsuspecting Oriental can never have been in California, where their idea of making tea is to place about half-a-pint of lukewarm water in one jug, and a small, tight linen bag of stalks and dust, humorously described as tea, in another jug; the victim of this practical joke being then expected to brew a cup that cheers but not inebriates. He has never had a cup of cargo-steamer tea, made with a fine old fruity vintage of ship's water (usually, I have always supposed, bilge-water). He is unacquainted with the remarkable, sepia-like fluid which stews all day on the hobs of innumerable humble dwellings of England. He little guesses what feats of tea-making can be achieved by English domestic handmaidens, most of whom, to the end of their lives, are unable to distinguish between tepid water, boiling water, and over-boiled water. He has been spoiled by all this Pekoe-and-Geisha pampering; he has no conception of what tea can really be like when it tries.

And perhaps it is just as well that he has never had these disillusioning experiences; for the tea which he rightly venerates—the pure liquor—is a very remarkable product. I have only once been in a tea-garden—an enchanting place it was, a sort of "Lost Horizon" place up on the Himalayas near Darjeeling; and as I looked at the serried rows of little, dark-green, shrub-like trees, I could not but marvel that such an unassuming plant should have gained so powerful a hold on humanity. From immemorial times, tea has been one of earth's cherished treasures; and long before we in the West had become aware of its virtues, countless caravans had crossed the perilous deserts of Asia for its sake—as they still do. It has been not only the stay and support of millions of humble individuals—what woman, in time of stress, will not call for a cup of tea?—but "the last infirmity of noble minds."

Poets have sung of wine, and many of them have done a good deal more than sing of it; but what beverage ever received such a practical testimonial as tea received from Dr. Johnson? He described himself as "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." Boswell, almost with awe, commented: "I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. He assured me, that he never felt the least inconvenience from it; which is a proof that the fault of his constitution was rather a too great tension of fibres, than the contrary." We can always draw a moral from Johnson, and the moral here is that if one *must* be a drunkard, then tea is the tipple of the wise. No other stimulant lends itself so readily to what I may call innocent dipsomania. Even coffee has its dangers; Balzac, for example, undoubtedly hastened an untimely end by drinking coffee with the same enthusiasm that Dr. Johnson drank tea. As for the blood of the grape—well, it not only maketh glad the heart of man, but, as I have said, it is the special prerogative of poets; but not even Omar himself could have "filled the cup" as often as Dr. Johnson filled the tea-cup without serious prejudice both to his health and to his literary output. And, much as I reverence the grape, I am bound to say that not even the finest vintage of the true, the blushful Hippocrene could take the place of that particular cup of tea (not to say two or three cups of tea) with which, like the Great Lexicographer, I "welcome the morning"—though I confess I could not "solace the midnight" in the same way without courting severe insomnia, and I consider other and more substantial beverages better calculated to "amuse the evening."

Whether or not owing to the influence of Dr. Johnson, tea, though an exotic product, has become a definite part of our national institutions; tea and beer represent, each in its own way, important aspects of the British character. The amount of tea that is drunk throughout the English-speaking world defies calculation; we think that we consume a good deal in this country, but if you want to see the Johnsonian tradition at its best, you must go to South Africa and Australia, where they drink tea all day and all night. We in this country cannot get through the afternoon without a cup of tea, but in South Africa every man, woman, and child, every business, Government office, and court of law, pauses at 11 a.m., whatever may be happening, to drink a quart or two of strong tea. I should be reluctant to think that these vast quantities of a fluid so indispensable to a great empire are aptly described by the word "horrid." They may lack the delicacy of the Japanese infusion, but they have *body*, of a kind which goes far to make our racewhat it is.

AT HOME WITH THE BRISTLEWOODS.

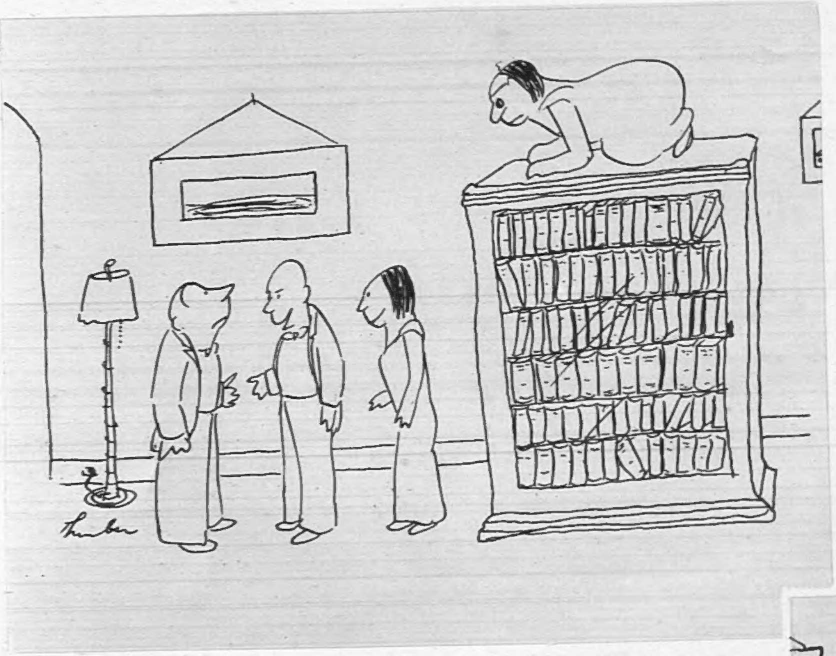
THE DINNER-PARTY.—"And now I suppose we must leave you men to your fun."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THURBER FUN AT THE STORRAN GALLERY.

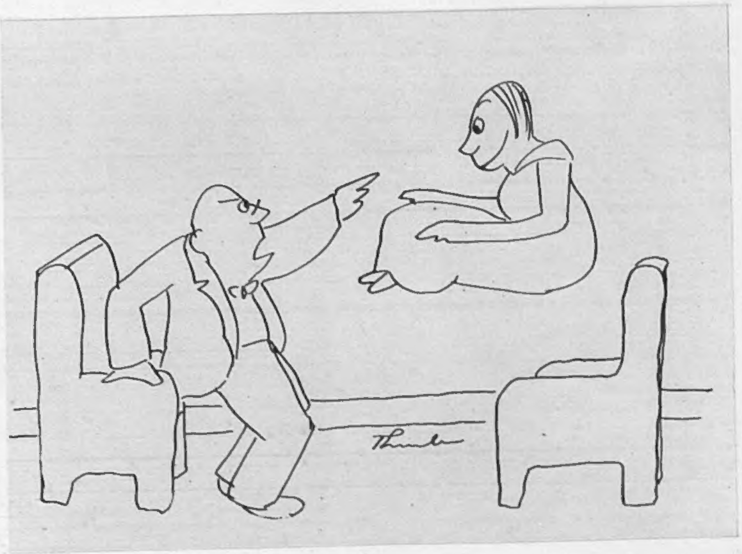
"HAVE YOU SEEN MY PISTOL, HONEY-BUN?"

THE very individual humour of JAMES THURBER will raise a laugh from all but the determinedly gloomy, and even they will find it hard to keep a straight face if they visit the Storran Gallery, where his show opened yesterday, May 4. Thurber is the author of "My Life and Hard Times," "The Owl in the Attic," and "Is Sex Necessary?", all books of high laughter-inducing content.

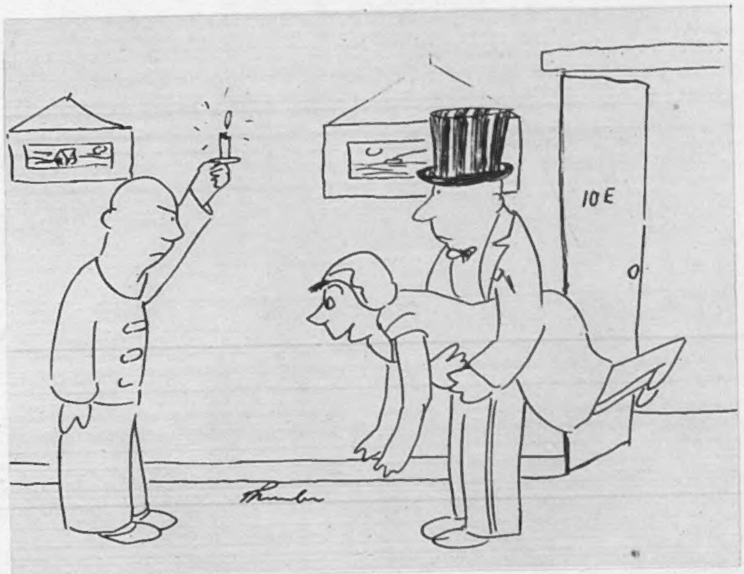


"THIS IS THE PRESENT MRS. HARRIS—THAT'S MY FIRST WIFE UP THERE!"

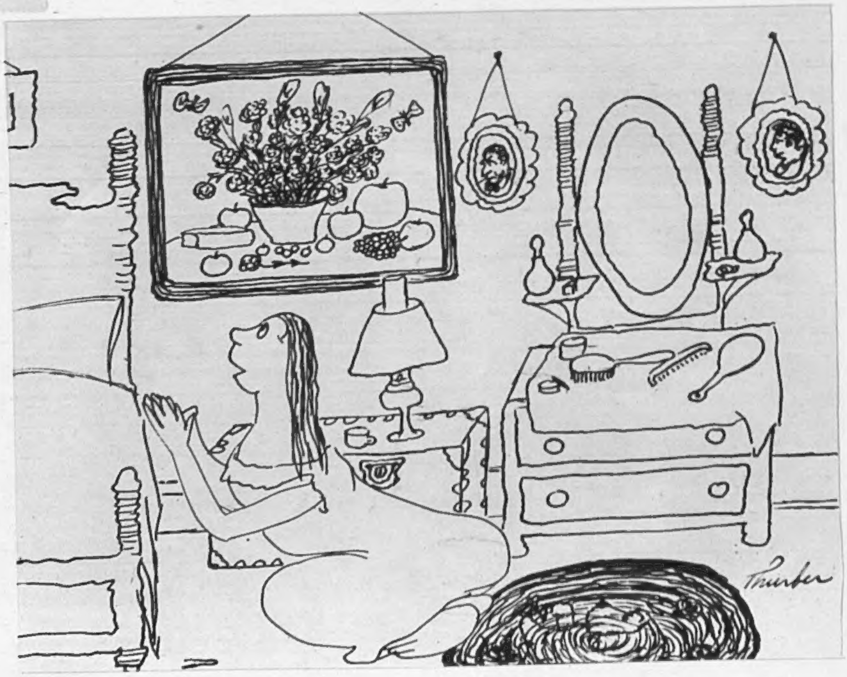
"WELL, I'M DISILLUSIONED, TOO—WE'RE ALL DISILLUSIONED!"



"I SAY IT'S A DAMNABLE ILLUSION, AND I WANT IT STOPPED!"



"THIS GENTLEMAN WAS KIND ENOUGH TO SEE ME HOME, DARLING."



". . . AND KEEP ME A HEALTHY, NORMAL AMERICAN GIRL."

URBS IN RURE: THE STOCK EXCHANGE RACES.

The City went to the country in full force for the annual STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT RACES *at Kimble, in the Vale of Aylesbury. This group shows (l. to r.)* MRS. J. POPE, MRS. S. DAWES, MR. A. SILLEY, *and* MR. W. L. DAWES, *who rode his horse Mee Too to win the Lloyd's Race.*

MISS DAPHNE HENDERSON *(r.), daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson, and* MISS HONOR LEATHAM *were among the decorative girls present. They are with* MR. PATRICK LEATHAM.

A lunch-time snapshot showing (l. to r.) MRS. EDWARD BLEACKLEY, SIR HERBERT GROTRIAN, MR. CHARLES MORTON, *and* CAPTAIN H. T. MORTON, *the starter.*

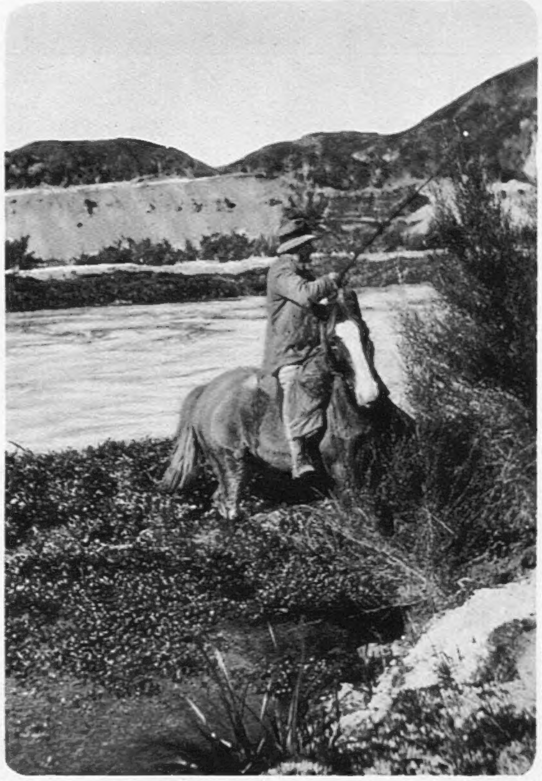
VISCOUNTESS MALDEN *and* MRS. ROBERT VAN DEN BERGH *are seen at the meeting. Viscount Malden is the son of the Earl of Essex.*

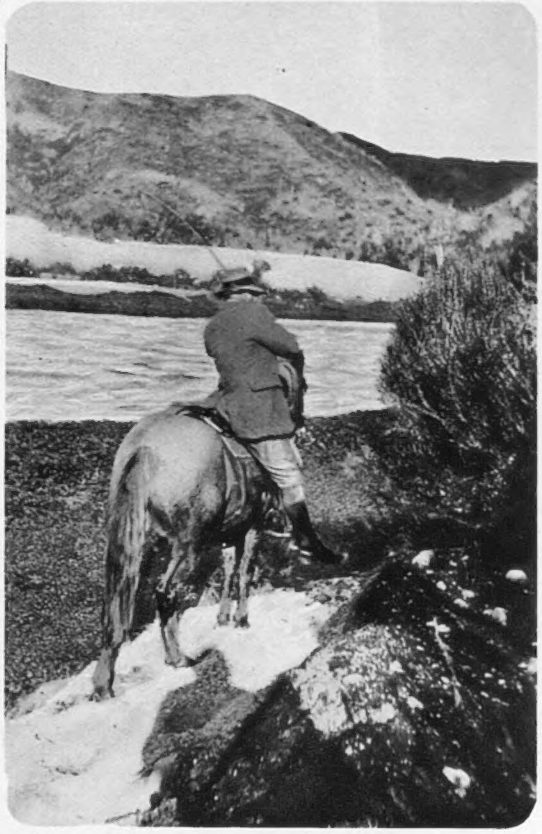
MR. ROBIN CAYZER, *elder son of Sir Herbert Cayzer, M.P., first Baronet, is having his cap fixed by his sister,* MISS PAMELA CAYZER.

MR. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY, MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, *and the* HON. GILBERT JOHNSTONE *are here seen, from left to right.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

WHAT keen anticipation there is in preparing one's fishing-tackle for the first outing of the trout-fishing season! Not being one of those careful individuals who keep their tackle in perfect order, my preparations are very involved, and when, as usually happens, time is short, they become rather hectic. However, I succeeded in getting all my gear together on a recent April morning in time to meet Mr. W. H. Thomas, who had invited me to have a day with him on the Enton Lakes, near Milford, Surrey. Had the wind been a little less chilly, it would have been an ideal day. We fished the largest lake, which is a fine sheet of water attractively situated. The punts used on the lake are roomy, and fitted with swivel seats. Mr. Thomas did more than his share of rowing, but, as he caught more than his share of fish, I did not begrudge him the honour. The method of fishing was to drift before the wind, with a drogue to steady the punt, then row back for a fresh drift. We fished a wet Greenwell's Glory as tail fly, and had a small March Brown as a bob fly. On the first drift down, Mr. Thomas had a good rise, and landed a nice fish of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. I noticed he was working his flies much faster than I was, and I found this was certainly more effective on this water. At the end of the day our combined bag weighed 12 lb., and the number was about 16 trout, of which Mr. Thomas had about two brace more than I had.





These two photographs have reached us from a correspondent in New Zealand, and show the UNUSUAL SPORT OF FISHING FROM HORSEBACK. *Here Mr. R. L. Levin, of Feilding, New Zealand, is working a very difficult piece of the Taravera River in the Rotorua district. His horse is up to the hocks in mud and Mr. Levin is casting. He hooked his fish all right, and the second photograph shows how he has worked his horse out of the mud and is about to slip off to land his fish—a fine rainbow trout—which he did successfully. Our correspondent could not remember the exact weight of this particular fish, but states that they run from five to ten pounds on this water. She adds that the method of fishing from horseback has been practised successfully by Mr. Levin many times on this river, which is difficult of access.*

Anglers Dine at Dr. Johnson's House. About thirty anglers, including members of the Houghton Club, and other friends of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, enjoyed his hospitality at a most delightful dinner at Dr. Johnson's house, in Gough Square, on April 21. General regret was expressed at the absence of Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey, the popular honorary secretary of the Houghton Club, who, unfortunately, was not well enough to attend. In his absence, the second senior member and Club historian, Mr. R. P. Page, voiced the thanks of the guests and complimented Mr. Harmsworth on his public spirit in preserving Dr. Johnson's house for the nation, and on his lively interest in the welfare of the Houghton Club. Sir Harold D. Gillies, the famous plastic surgeon, thereupon rose to make a presentation to Mr. Page, as holder of the record for a Test trout on dry fly—a fish of over 6 lb. Sir Harold stated that the presence of a much larger trout in their water was suspected, a fish of fully 8 lb., and while looking over Dr. Johnson's house he had discovered a "fly" of the floating variety with which he hoped Mr. Page might lure this great fish. A box was then handed to Mr. Page, and when he opened it, very cautiously, loud laughter greeted the appearance of a large, squat, wooden frog, liberally mounted with big hooks in the traditional American style. Mr. Page protested that this horrific instrument should not have been presented to him, but to Lord Dulverton. Therein lies a story which I believe his noble lordship has already told in print. Next to me at the table sat Mr. Ernest Pain, author of "Fifty Years on the Test," and I was pleased to hear that he is busy on a book dealing with fish breeding, rearing, and fishery management. My other neighbour related to me his experiences while salmon-fishing in Iceland. He had excellent sport on greased line with small fish, and recalled one cold, wet day when they had returned fishless and dejectedly to the hut. Having an hour to pass while waiting for a meal to be prepared, he decided to have a last try in a pool close at hand. In that hour he landed five salmon, which is an excellent illustration of the fascination of angling. As I am writing this in the Flying Scotsman, on my way up to the Tweed, I am hoping that something of the sort may happen to me.

Two Days on Tweed. Since writing the above I have had two days on the lower Carham water as guest of Mr. L. R. Hardy, who rented this beat for April. As only one rod is fished, he kindly shared his fishing with me. The river is full of fish; hardly a minute passes without one rising or leaping within view, but there are not many fresh-run fish amongst them—the majority being stale and very dour. On the first day we tried them with fly and golden sprat. I did not have a touch, but when Mr. Hardy experimented with greased line he had three offers and landed two fish, one of which was fresh run, as it had sea-lice on it. On the second day I tried the greased line—the first time I have fished it for salmon—and had one fish, which took my small fly in the most confiding manner and hooked himself quite according to the book. Mr. Hardy fished a prawn on an Altex fixed-spool reel, with 6 lb. gut substitute line, and killed a fish in about half the time I had taken with the fly-rod. The short spinning-rod may have some advantage over a fly-rod, but Mr. Hardy is a very skilful angler who reckons on a bag of 100 salmon each season. He has had about 60 fish up to 18 lb. from the Tweed during April, and also a good number this season from the Eden. Opposite to where we fished, the sons of the Earl of Home were doing very well indeed with the greased line, which fishes particularly well on their water. The youngest, a lad of about fifteen, had six or eight fish in one morning, I believe.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Some big fish were caught in the Wye last week. One of $50\frac{1}{4}$ lb. was taken by Mr. Graham on the Rocklands water, below Hereford, and Mr. F. P. Beynon had a 47-pounder on Sir James Caird's water.

Mr. Robert Pashley has had nine salmon over 30 lb. in weight this season. The largest, 46 lb., was landed within seven minutes of being hooked and after one hard run.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

DRESSED FOR THEIR DANCE: THE MISSES MINNA ROYDS & PENELOPE SASSOON.

MISS MINNA MARY ROYDS *and* MISS PENELOPE SASSOON *made a charming pair in the dresses they wore at the dance given for them by Lady Royds and Mrs. Dulcie Sassoon. Miss Royds, who is standing in our portrait study, wore a mediæval dress of silver and white broché, and Miss Sassoon chose a pale gold and white lamé made in a classically simple style, and adorned with a bunch of gold-foil flowers.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

"THE CAST-IRON SIXTH."

THE 6TH CITY OF LONDON RIFLES *came into being in 1859 with the formation of the Volunteer movement. It was once commanded by the famous artist Cruickshank. After nearly eighty years as Light Infantry and various changes of title, in 1935 this fine regiment faced up to the most drastic change in its history. Being one of the first units converted for the Anti-Aircraft defence of London, it is now incorporated in the Corps of Royal Engineers as a Searchlight Unit. The regiment has South African battle honours, and in the Great War, lived up to its nickname of the "Cast-Iron Sixth." In 1915 at Loos, forming with the 7th London, the hinge upon which the British attack swung, it penetrated to the third German line and held the objective for five days.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

PRIMULA-ED AND AURICULA-ED.

MISS EVELYN ANKERS, *who plays Susan Enderley in "Bats in the Belfry," at the Ambassadors Theatre, will wear this striking costume at the Coronation Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall on May 13. The head-dress is composed of multi-coloured velvet primulas and auriculas, and the costume is a floral variety of Mexican dress.*

CAVIAR AND CABBAGES.

By MOLLY CASTLE.

XVIII.—STAR WITH AMBITION: MARGO.

TWO years ago a slender, white-faced, sixteen-year-old Mexican girl, with luminous hazel eyes and a wide, expressive mouth, passed the entrance of the Schubert Theatre in New York and saw Elisabeth Bergner's name up in lights.

"In a year," she kidded, "it will be my name that is up there." Two years later it was; still is. The girl has a mellifluous Spanish name which begins with Maria Marguerita Guadelupe, and goes right on from there. It would use up altogether too many lights. They 've compromised with "Margo."

For a girl not yet nineteen years old Margo has an exceptional poise, charm and intelligence. As for her looks, you may either think of her as very plain or very beautiful, according to your idea of beauty. If you admire pink and white, blue and gold prettiness, she is not your type. If beauty to you is something which comes from inside and is reflected in sensitive, though often quite imperfect, features, you will look at her again—and keep on looking.

If Margo was just any young girl who wanted to get to the box-office top by the quickest route she would sign a Hollywood contract and let them straighten her nose; she would let them smooth, recolour and reshape her untidy, smoky hair; allow them to paint her white face and fatten up her slender dancer's body. But that is not her ambition. It is not that she doesn't want to be a star (whether she wants it or not, she 's one already, after "Winterset" and "Lost Horizon"); it 's just that she doesn't want to be a star that easy way. Ever since she made a success in "Crime Without Punishment" they 've been waving dotted lines before her undazzled eyes. Now, since she 's starred in "Winterset," the dots are bigger, but they still don't dance before her eyes.

"I want to learn," she says. "Nowadays people think a gift for acting is enough; that you don't need to study and practise and learn. Acting is a gift, just as music is; but no great musician has ever achieved anything solid without work." And Margo studies her parts and works at them and thinks them until she feels she does know how.

That 's how it was with "Winterset." With Burgess Meredith, brilliant young New York "legit."-stage actor, she played in "Winterset" on Broadway. Then R.K.O. bought the film rights—and wanted a big name for the lead. Margo shrugged her shoulders and didn't think anything more about transferring her stage interpretation to the screen. And R.K.O. tested leading actresses for the part. They tested ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-three—and then someone said they might as well try Margo; after all, she 'd been very fine indeed in the part on Broadway.

So Margo went to Hollywood, and got the part above half the well-known stars in Hollywood. It wasn't her first picture, but it was her first experience of Hollywood's desire for realism. The stage production had been played in rain all through, but the rain had been illusionary, dry, "prop." rain. There was nothing dry about the rain they used in the film, though it didn't come from the skies.

"Ten weeks' rain in California?" I scoffed, when Margo depicted the realness of the rain. "There 's never been any such thing."

"It 's just as wet when it comes from a rain machine," said Margo, shivering reminiscently. "It was very hard to act in. I wore a béret, and day after day, for ten weeks, the rain poured down on my face, trickled down my neck."

"Eyeblack?" I asked.

"Didn't wear any," she replied. "We had rubber underwear—it made you hot and sticky underneath and the rain made you cold and wet outside. One of the cast jeered at us because the artificial rain depressed us so, the artificial fog choked us. That was before his scenes were shot. He nearly gave up when he found what it was like."

Margo has been back on Broadway since then, and now, in a few weeks, she 'll be on her way to Hollywood again. She can't get away from water. This time she 's to be a native girl in "Hurricane," and she has to swim. "I 've never learned to swim," she says. And adds: "Till now."

Margo left Mexico when she was five years old and, except for a short time at a convent in Spain, has lived in New York ever since. She studied dancing: still does. With a young Mexican who is a composer she is reviving Mexican folk-dances.

Her address in New York is 1, Fifth Avenue. She has a two-room flat with a kitchenette. Her sitting-room is filled with books and flowers, and there is a portrait of George Washington over a new, red-bound "Complete Works of Eugene O'Neill."

At nineteen (nearly) Margo thinks for herself. And she can act. She 's not dazzled by bright lights, even when they spell her name over awnings. She 's got something that only a few other actresses on the screen to-day have got—including an already-famous five-letter name ending in "o."

MARGO, *who is discussed in this article, is the new actress whose performances in "Winterset" and in "Lost Horizon" have put her in the forefront of the stars of the screen. In this at-home photograph she is showing Molly Castle what can be done with a kitchenette.*

KITCHENETTE COOKING.

Eggs are the handiest things to cook in a kitchenette. Margo doesn't eat much Mexican-style food: prefers American or Spanish, which are not so peppery. Tells of Spanish eggs cooked this way: mix a cup of brown sugar with the juice of a lemon, salt, and a tablespoonful of orange-flower water. Cook over a low fire until the sugar is melted. Break in five eggs and cook as for scrambled eggs, stirring all the time until just set. Serve immediately.

CHARLES BOYER AND JEAN ARTHUR IN "HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT."

"HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT," *the new Walter Wanger production released through United Artists, is due on May 10 at the Leicester Square Theatre. This thrilling moment is when Paul* (CHARLES BOYER) *sees the lovely Irene Vail* (JEAN ARTHUR) *trying to fight off the chauffeur, Michael* (IVAN LEBEDEFF), *hired by her husband to compromise her.*

JEAN ARTHUR, *as Irene Vail, wears this pyjama suit in Oriental style with harem trousers of cloth of gold and a hip-length jacket powdered with coral-coloured flowers.*

The chivalrous Paul Dumond (CHARLES BOYER), *who saves Irene from the low plot devised by her husband, is actually Europe's most famous head waiter.*

Paul (CHARLES BOYER) *and Irene* (JEAN ARTHUR) *in each other's arms after their terrible experiences in the wrecked luxury liner.*

JEAN ARTHUR *as Irene playing at being a chef, with* CHARLES BOYER *as Paul, the Parisian man-about-town and waiter.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS COMPTON COLLIER.

LADY BASING IN HER ROBES AND CORONET.

LADY BASING, *the wife of Lord Basing, is shown as she will appear at the Coronation ceremony, in her peeress's robes and wearing her coronet. The peeresses do not put on their coronets until the moment when H.M. the Queen is crowned. Lady Basing and Lady Sackville (seen on our facing page) are the wives of barons, so their robes are edged with miniver pure two inches in breadth and have a train three feet on the ground. The capes for a baroness are powdered with two bars or rows of ermine.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE F. KING.

LADY SACKVILLE IN HER ROBES AND TIARA.

LADY SACKVILLE, *the wife of Major-General Lord Sackville, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., fourth baron, the owner of historic Knole, is here posed in her peeress's robes, as she will appear at the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey before putting on her coronet. The coronets for peeresses do not fit the head, but are worn behind the tiaras. Tiaras must be worn. The portrait was taken in the library at Knole and shows Lady Sackville in front of a seventeenth-century Portuguese screen. She was Miss Anne Meredith and is American by birth.*

TALES WITH A STING.

THE VICTORIAN STREAK.

By A. G. GREENWOOD

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

IT was Kit's boast that, though her experiences embraced finding in her bedroom a burglar on one occasion, and a rat on another, having a kiss in a dark country lane and her vanity-bag snatched one afternoon in Oxford Street, discovering half a maggot in a nut (which is considerably more than twice as unpleasant as lighting on a whole one) and awakening in a Westminster basement when Thames poured in at the window and made her swim for her life on a level with the picture-rail, she had never yet felt terrified.

Excited—yes. Thrilled—yes. But not—stiff with terror.

"The capacity to get into that delightful Victorian condition," observed Kit, "must be being bred out of girls—like vermiform appendices and tails and things."

So when Kit was locked in—apparently for the week-end—in the offices of Hubbard and Co., at the very top of Hammond House, W., she didn't turn a hair.

It happened one Saturday afternoon, when grumbling old Edwards, the managing clerk, and resigned Kit had returned to the empty office after lunch to finish some urgent correspondence.

"Good day," said the old managing clerk to Kit at three o'clock. "You looked washed out. Ought to be coming to the sea with me. Not feeling bobbish?"

"Up all the last two nights, pretty well," said Kit. "The girl I dig with 's been taken suddenly ill. I *am* fagged. I could sleep on a bag of tin-tacks. Have a good time at Herne Bay, Mr. Edwards."

Kit began to go down the very long secondary staircase that winds its wooden, gloomy way up from street-level to the attic-offices of Hubbard and Co., wholesale furriers. Three flights down she remembered having promised to ring her brother up, hesitated, climbed upstairs again, passed old Edwards' door, went into the little cubby-hole of a reception-room where she worked, picked up the telephone receiver, and rang up her brother's club. He had not yet arrived, but was expected at any moment, said somebody at the other end of the line.

Having extracted a promise from the somebody that her brother should be told to ring her up directly he fetched up, Kit hung up the receiver, yawned and stretched, then sauntered to the divan and curled up on it. Afterwards she discovered that her brother took the girl of the moment to a cinema that afternoon. At the time, she only knew that she awoke feeling icy cold, amazingly stiff, and momentarily bewildered.

Wan moonlight lit the little room. She swung her cold feet to the ground, yawned, shook her curly head, stood up, switched on the light, then hurried into the passage, suddenly remembering that it had been three o'clock or thereabouts and quite light when she curled up on the divan.

Mr. Edwards' room was in darkness. By the clock on his mantelpiece she saw that it was eleven. It dawned on her that she had made up arrears and slept for eight hours. It was the managing clerk's last duty to dead-lock the massive outer door from the outside. Mr. Edwards, believing she had gone, hadn't neglected the job. And to-day was Saturday. To remain a passive prisoner till 8.30 a.m. on Monday wasn't to be thought of.

Kit meditated. She could telephone, of course. But Mr. Hubbard (who is Hubbard and Co.) lived at Reigate, and his fury (should her ring bring him back to town) was so easy to imagine that thirty-odd hours' solitary confinement seemed preferable. There was old Mr. Edwards at Balham—not on the telephone, but get-at-able through some shop, perhaps. Only he had told her he was week-ending with a married daughter at Herne Bay and to drag him back would be a crime. There remained the police. That meant the outer door being forced and old Hubbard going in off the deep end with an even bigger splash.

Kit went without hope to the window and flung it up. The offices of Hubbard and Co. are at the back of lofty Hammond House. From the windows a copse of chimneys is visible, with the flat roof of a shop in Regent Street in the foreground and a paved area—a black and silent pool of shadows—immediately below.

Kit shut the window, sat down in Mr. Edwards' chair, and lit a cigarette. She was in a hole. She had been in hundreds before. She had got out of them. She would, of course, get out of this one. The Fire Brigade could run an escape up to the window. Yes, and charge £5 or more! No, thanks. Someone might be working late in the surveyor's office below. She tapped on the floor with Mr. Edwards' ebony ruler. No answer; and, after all, a mere answer wouldn't have been of much use. Attempts to pick the lock of the outer door with a straightened-out paper-clip occupied many futile minutes. Then the skylight caught Kit's eye.

Hammond House is the first part of the immense block of buildings which ends with Hammond Mansions. Once on the roof, thought Kit, it might be possible to get back into the building through the skylight on the top landing.

Kit carried a table into the passage, perched a chair on it, put out the lights, climbed gingerly up, set the frame open, then clambered out. As she did so, her foot set the chair rocking. It crashed to the linoleum.

"That settles it," observed Kit aloud, staring down into the dark depths. "Retreat 's impossible."

The landing skylight, tiptoed to across the leads, was securely fastened on the inside. It didn't budge at Kit's efforts to lift it. She tried the next and the next.

Every skylight resisted. She reached Hammond Mansions and peered over the coping into the deserted street below. A parapet running along the face of the building not ten feet below prevented her seeing the pavement on the near side. It suggested a way of escape. She clambered down a ridge towards it and dropped the last five feet. A long row of windows stretched the width of the mansions. All, she presently discovered, were curtained or blinded and securely fastened except the last. Two or three inches open at the top this one was. Half-drawn casement curtains fluttered like the winding-sheets of ghosts into the darkness of the room beyond. Kit listened intently, peered in, silently lowered the window, listened again, put in her head, then a foot and a slim, gleaming leg, and so clambered in.

She had tiptoed to the door, when she heard a man's voice. It was a hoarse voice with an indefinable tang suggesting a brutal coarseness.

"'E 's comin' along now. Top of the street. See 'im? Just under the lamp-post. There 's Lil. In the shadder by the pillar-box."

"Passes here every night, does he?" A second man spoke in a voice that was low-pitched yet very distinct.

"Every blinkin' night. Stayin' at Kennett's Hotel. Up from Silly Suffolk, 'e is. Eldest 'opeful of Sir Somebody Sinderson, of Longhusst Hall, 'e is. The ole chap 's got pots of it. Fair wallows in it, 'e does. Just down from college, our young friend is. Lookin' round for a perfession to exercise 'is little wits in, 'e is. Footer—the 'andlin' sort—an' boxin' an' rowin' an' such 'as been his work up ter now. 'Is father wants to put 'im in the Church. 'E 's sort of hactin' hunpaid secretary to the Bishop o' Marlchester, what 's stayin' for a bit with 'is brother in Grosvenor Plice."

"Boxer, is he?" came the other voice, its tones uneasy.

"Boxer, yus. But that don't cut no ice with an automatic."

"No shooting, Ted."

"It won't come to it. Boxers 'as no brains, or they wouldn't bruise 'emselves fer nothin'. There 's Lil. Won'erful gal! Faint. See 'er? Jest 'elp 'er acrost the road. Jest 'elp 'er inside the mansions. Jest 'elp 'er upstairs. 'Eard 'er do it onst. Melt a 'eart o' stone, she would. Such a mug on 'er! Like a biby's! Licker to me 'ow she keeps it."

Kit had tiptoed in the faint light towards the front door. But the voices of the two men came from a room on the left, the door of which stood open. Cautiously peering, she had seen Ted's broad shoulders and bullet head and Bill's very narrow shoulders and a long, thin head silhouetted against the moonlit sky. She had drawn back stealthily into the room she had just entered, and now stood there, excited, most unwontedly thrilled, keeping the firmest grip of her nerves.

"They 're talking. Shut the window, Ted. What 's the programme?"

"We wite in the kitchen. Then, when she 's got 'im in the bedroom, we pretend we 've come upstairs hunexpected. You 're

[Continued on page xiv.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

"MARIE," one of the regular "Revudebelles" of the Windmill Theatre, is performing the "Dance of the Seven Veils" in the current edition of Revudeville. This show, which opened last week, will run for a month. The "Veils" dance occurs in a scene in Algiers called "Lost in the Legion." On this page we give a series of beautiful photographs illustrating the stages of the number. The dancer is in a statuesque pose, absolutely motionless, in the final stage. The graceful poses of the dance and the artistry of its whole idea are well illustrated by our series of striking photographs.

"THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS" AT THE WINDMILL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

XXXI.—RACING ROTHSCHILD.

Member of Parliament JAMES A. DE ROTHSCHILD *("Jimmy") started racing when young, continuing a family Turf connection extending over nearly a century in this country and Continent. Has won and lost thousands. Colours: dark blue, yellow chevrons and cap. D.C.M., D.L., J.P.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS—For Being in the (Black) Limelight as the Wife and the Mistress, and Unravelling the Secret of Her Own Murder.

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS, *the brilliant young actress who was recently seen as Katie O'Shea in "Parnell," doubles the parts of Mary Charrington, the wife, and Lily James, the mistress, in Gordon Sherry's new murder thriller,* "BLACK LIMELIGHT," *at the St. James's Theatre. As Lily James she is murdered, and as Mary she unravels the tangled skein of the mystery and brings the criminal to justice. It is hardly necessary to point out that it's Lily the illicit who wears the bathing-suit and registers bitter agony in our photographs; and Mary the wife who looks so wise and calm.*

STUDIO PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket were held in bad weather. MISS CHAMBERS *(left), who came with* VISCOUNTESS PORTMAN, *wore a neat checked waterproof cape.*

THE first day of royal sunshine made the romantic royal journey down the Thames to Greenwich for the opening of the National Maritime Museum everything that was expected, and that was a good deal. The Queen looked particularly well, and everyone admired her simple but highly becoming little hat, worn with a floating veil. She and the King, Queen Mary, and Princess Elizabeth were immensely interested by the magnificent museum and spent half an hour over their scheduled time in going round.

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I have never seen the Duchess of Kent look more beautiful than she did at Queen Charlotte's Ball, which she attended in order to cut the famous birthday cake. There was a suggestion of a Winterhalter picture about her as she stood at the entrance of the side door by which she and the Duke arrived at Grosvenor House. Her billowy ruched dress of brown stiffened chiffon was worn under a rather full coat which suggested a Victorian dolman. The idea of wearing diamond stars at the waist was a stroke of genius, which all owners of these old-world jewels will hasten to copy, and her huge diamond earrings suited her to perfection.

The royal Duchess obviously enjoyed cutting the cake. She found that the slice was already severed, as it would have called for too great a display of strength for her to cut through the icing, and it was only necessary for her to make a little slit. As the knife went down rather quickly, she turned to the *chef* and asked if she should cut another slice, and then really did carve out a big, wedge-shaped piece from the solid block. After it was handed, both she and the Duke of Kent ate their portions. I believe that the cake was cut into 1600 pieces, as that was the number of guests expected—a record, I understand.

The PAGET TWINS—MAMAINE *and* CELIA—*will wear these period dresses at the Coronation Costume Ball to be held at the Albert Hall on May 13.*

PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO, *daughter of Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco, and granddaughter of the Countess of Oxford, will wear this costume as Cressida in the Shakespearean Pageant at the Coronation Costume Ball on May 13.*

The débutantes looked charming in their white dresses and were well rehearsed, as they made their curtseys and did their marching backwards without a hitch. The Maids of Honour (last year's "debs") were to be recognised by the posies of carnations they carried in silver holders. They walked in first in procession and stood in a double line as a guard of honour for the "debs."

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The marriage of Lord William Scott to Lady Rachel Home brought an enormous crowd to St. Margaret's, and the crush getting away was unprecedented. They altered the hour of the wedding in order to avoid the moment when the block caused by their Majesties embarking from Westminster Pier for Greenwich would be at its thickest, so we all got in easily; but leaving was not so simple.

Among those seated in the front pews were the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch in dove grey, and the young Duchess, also in grey, but with pinkish orchids on her coat, and the Duke. Next to them was Lord Dalkeith. He was beside Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who looked well in gay periwinkle blue satin with a big beige fox-fur collar, and had a lot to say to him. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester attended the wedding, naturally, as the bridegroom is her brother, and registered amusement when they saw him peeping very shyly out of the vestry door to see if there was any sign of the bride. He and his best man did not emerge until given the signal that Lady Rachel was coming up the aisle.

"SUNBATHERS," *by* SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A., *is one of the striking subject pictures at the Royal Academy.*

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"Parsifal" nights are never tiara nights at Covent Garden, no doubt on account of the religious nature of the opera, but if there were few diadems about, I observed plenty of smart dresses and some pretty good jewels the other evening, when we assembled to hear a perfectly magnificent performance. Lady Mansfield, who has been doing her Covent Garden regularly so far, wore a superb necklace of diamonds and emeralds. She was with Lord Mansfield, who retained his romantic-looking cloak when he came into the foyer in the intervals; Lord Londonderry was there, and I saw a lot of decorative women, like Mrs. Willoughby Norman, with a fine pearl and diamond necklace; Mrs. Marr-Johnston, wearing a long white opera coat in the "Tudor" style which we now all affect; and Mrs. John Dodge, in white and lily-of-the-valley-leaf green. The Royal Box was occupied by Prebendary Lance and Mrs. Percival. He was wearing his "uniform" as domestic Chaplain to the King, which consists of clerical dress with buttons bearing the royal cypher.

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On the same evening, saris—purple and red and gold—gardenias and silver fox, all somewhat unusual wear at Sadler's Wells, were to be seen in the stalls and dress circle when Lord Berners' new ballet, "A Wedding Bouquet," was produced, and celebrities assembled in Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1, to witness it. Heading them, as it were, was Miss Gertrude Stein, with her Eton-cropped hair, her massive, intellectual head, and her very simple, purple dress. When she was talking to Lady Cunard, no better examples could be found of the contrasted types which the U.S.A. manages to produce. The famous society hostess was in filmy black and had her usual highly finished appearance. She came with Sir Thomas Beecham. Lady Colefax brought a very tanned Mr. Somerset Maugham; Lady Juliet Duff, tall and elegant, wore one of the new veiled evening hats; Lady Oxford was with her son Anthony. Mr. Robert Byron was another celebrity present.

"A Wedding Bouquet" is a choral ballet, with the music, *décor* and costumes by Lord Berners, and the words by Gertrude Stein. It is a witty description of a provincial wedding in France in the nineteenth century, and lends itself admirably to the choreography so cleverly designed by Frederick Ashton. Its reception was most enthusiastic, and the stage was positively crowded out with flowers and other offerings.

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All the peerage is in a Coronation-minded mood for interior decoration—of a sort. Lord Berners' extraordinarily witty ballet at Sadler's Wells, Lady Queensberry's clever paintings at the Leicester Galleries; Lady Antrim's satiric cartoons and sculpture at the Beaux Arts. Lady Queensberry's (Cathleen Mann) painting satisfied me more than ever. The pictures were well spaced, very lovely in colour, and it is simply extraordinary, considering how much social work she does, that she can paint so well. She combined the Private View with a very smart cocktail-party. People whom she had painted, besides Lord Queensberry (done in Peer's robes), were present, in the shape of Mrs. Charles Sweeny with her husband—she in silver-fox cape and sailor's cap; Richard Tauber and his wife, Diana Napier. Others were Kathleen Lady Drogheda, Sir Hugo and Lady Hirst, Lady Ratendone, Lady Eleanor Smith (without hat, and in a gypsy-coloured dress), Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Mr. David Herbert, Lady Edgar Bonham-Carter, and Mr. Cecil Beaton, very brown from Switzerland, a gardenia in his buttonhole, and turn-back cuffs to his coat. A good party with very good drinks and eats, and the prelude

The marriage of LORD WILLIAM SCOTT, M.P., *brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and of* H.R.H. *the Duchess of Gloucester, to* LADY RACHEL DOUGLAS-HOME, *daughter of the Earl and Countess of Home, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

to an excellent four-hour buffet-dinner party to celebrate the opening of the newest restaurant, L'Ecu de France, at which half London gathered.

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The Beaux Arts Gallery for Lady Antrim's Private View was over-run from 10 a.m. to 6. There was sherry at apéritif time. Relations and friends struggling past the clever sculpture to the satiric cartoons. Poring over them, there is ever something more to find, for they are crammed with intimate incident, and it all takes time! This talent for caricature Lady Antrim inherits from her father; and her bearded brother Mr. Christopher Sykes has it too, and has collaborated with her in five of the less intimate cartoons. "Conversation Piece, the Elwes Family," and "Evening in Chelsea" and "Doncaster Sales" were surrounded with enthralled viewers. People I spotted were Lady Granville, Lady Winifred Elwes, Margaret Lady Antrim, Lord and Lady Denbigh, Lady Germaine Paget, Lord Derby, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Lady Bertha Dawkins, Captain Geoffrey Hope, Professor E. Plesch, Miss Dodo Annesley. Lady Antrim has sculptured in stone her husband, Lady Bridget Parsons, Lady Sykes, many others and a set of the Seven Deadly Sins, besides a double-headed "Snob." Upstairs was a grand show by Sickert, with a delightful portrait of the Duke of Windsor in uniform, done, in Richard's now classic fashion, from a photograph. His work takes two years to "ripen," after which it can be varnished, and its full beauty develops.

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The happiest person on the Two Thousand Guineas day at Newmarket was the girl who came out of the stand, took a tiny parcel out of her bag, and produced a complete circular cape and hood combined of thin oil-skin, which she drew over her hat and shoulders so that she could watch the parades in the rain and yet keep dry and cosy!

The Princess Royal was most animated and obviously delighted when Lord Harewood's Aldwych won the Somersham Stakes. She came out almost at a run, and went right down to the rails of the unsaddling enclosure, and when Gordon Richards rode in, she stopped him and said "Congratulations!" She herself received many congratulations as she stood with Lady Bullough. Lady Zia Wernher was one of the well-knowns who attended. She was accompanied by her débutante daughter Georgina, and wore a blue hat adorned with a diamond racehorse similar to that which Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh had in her neat grey felt hat.

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As the weather was exceptionally inclement, though dry, anyone who fondly imagined that the Private View of the Royal Academy would provide a brilliant parade of gay Coronation spring fashions, must have been disappointed. There were any amount of people there, but as most of the well-dressed women present followed the fashion so prevalent in Paris, and wore black, either unrelieved, or with an occasional touch of white or colour, the general effect was sober.

It would not be Private View day without Lady Alexander. Her morning toilette this year was of black, with touches of pink and blue on the corsage, and also on her black hat. Lady Rothenstein was all in black, with silver-fox trimming She is, of course, the wife of Sir William Rothenstein, the distinguished artist. Princess Antoine Bibesco was another morning visitor—in black, of course—but with a beige swagger coat. When I saw her she had just met her step-sister, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, who was accompanied by her elder son, Mark, and was discussing the pictures eagerly. Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, who never misses any artistic occasion, and few social ones, was going round in a tweed coat and skirt. I was also interested to see Miss Curigwen Lewis, the actress who created the part of Jane Eyre. She came to see her portrait by Harold Knight, which shows her in the Victorian dress she wore for the part.—MARIEGOLD.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *attended the Bloodstock Sales at Newmarket.*

When T.M. the King and Queen went to Greenwich by water to open the National Maritime Museum they did not intend to take H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *with them, but she was so anxious to go that they decided to take her.* H.M. QUEEN MARY, *who drove down by road, is here greeting her little granddaughter on arrival.*

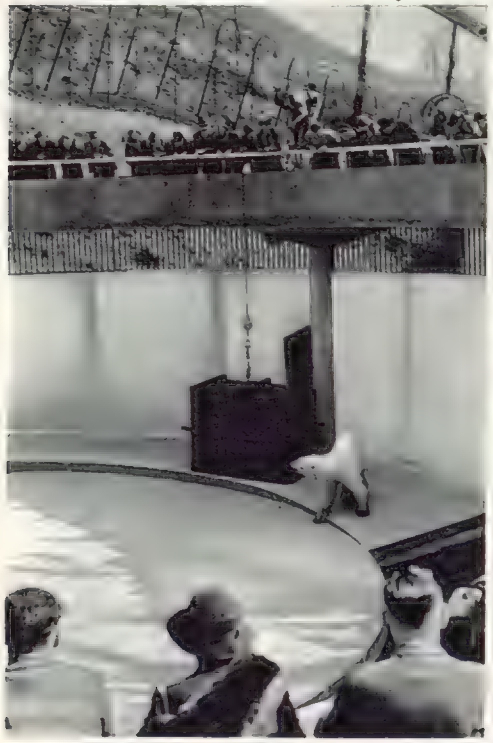
MAJESTY IN THE NATION'S NEW TREASURE-HOUSE: THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.

This group shows H.M. THE KING *delivering his speech at the opening of the Maritime Museum, the nation's new treasure-house at Greenwich.* SIR SAMUEL HOARE, *First Lord of the Admiralty, is second from left, and then, reading from left to right,* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.M. THE KING, *and* H.M. QUEEN MARY. *In his speech his Majesty referred to his feelings for the Senior Service when he said: "My early life was spent in the Royal Navy, and I am glad that the opening of this Museum should be one of the first ceremonies of my reign. But for the enterprise, the courage, and the character of our seamen, the British Commonwealth of Nations would never have come into existence. . . . The Museum has indeed a worthy home, built more than three hundred years ago, and I congratulate you and the officers of your department upon its restoration and upon the conversion of the Royal Hospital premises into these fine galleries." The royal party is posed in front of a historic tapestry, one of the four from Hampton Court Palace, illustrating the battle between the English and Dutch at Sole Bay, near Lowestoft, in 1672.*

THE CAMERA TAKES A QUICK LOOK ROUND.

MISS EVA TURNER, *the English soprano, arranged to appear in Puccini's* "TURANDOT," *which was due to have its first performance at Covent Garden this season on Friday last. It is to be given again to-night, May 5; and on May 10.*

The MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY, *who paints under her maiden name of Cathleen Mann, is seen (third from left) at the Private View of her exhibition at the Leicester Galleries with* KATHLEEN, COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA *and another friend.*



Left: A PRIVATE ZOO *is the latest possession of the Earl of Dudley, and it is to be opened to the public on May 6 (to-morrow). This shows interested spectators watching a polar bear inspecting its new home on arrival.*

The EARL OF DUDLEY *(second from left), with members of the public, watched the installation of a polar bear in its den at his new zoo at Dudley, Worcestershire.*

Right: MR. J. J. F. PENNINK *(Ashdown Forest) defeated Mr. Bentley, the amateur golf champion for 1936, in the fifth round of the English Amateur Championship.*

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH, *sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and a canopy-bearer for the Queen at the Coronation, presented the Colours at the Coronation inspection of the Leith Boys' Brigade at Leith. The wind was so strong that the flags blew about violently.*

T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *visited the Ayrshire Agricultural Society's Centenary Show at Ayr during their Scottish visit last week. The Duchess is stepping out of her car on arrival at the show ground.*

NOT "POTATO" JONES!

"The doctor says he's got them diggin' pains through eating a seed potato."

FROM THE DRAWING BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

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NG FANCIES.

HE DRAWINGS BY A. K. MACDONALD.

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We have just issued a brochure of Dolcis American and Continental Spring Fashions, and will be pleased to send you a copy on request.

CORONATION YEAR ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES.

"CHAMBER MUSIC AT WIMBORNE HOUSE": *By* SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

This modern "conversation piece" was painted during a concert of the Chamber Music Society in the ballroom at Wimborne House. Lord and Lady Wimborne, Lord Moore, and Mr. William Walton are among the audience in the foreground.

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"THE WINGED BOY": By W. G. DE GLEHN, R.A.
This poetical, nude study is one of the six pictures by W. G. de Glehn, R.A., in this year's Royal Academy.

"MODEL RESTING": By DAVID JAGGER.
This beautiful nude is the only picture by David Jagger on view at Burlington House this year.

BEAUTY BEAUTIFULLY POSED AT THE R.A.

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"THE BAG": By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.
This amusing picture by George Belcher was "built round" the capacious hand-bag carried by the model.

"BROTHER PETCH": By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.
George Belcher's R.A. exhibits include this delightful portrait of a model with a particularly luxuriant moustache.

"THE FESTIVAL DRESS, OLD CASTILE": By W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.
W. Russell Flint's enchanting, colourful pictures of Spain are again a feature of this year's Academy, though peaceful, happy pictures of Iberia are now a rarity in real life.

BEAUTY AND HUMOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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"THE FAMILY OF GRAHAM GREENWELL, ESQ.": By EDWARD I. HALLIDAY.
The artist has inscribed the top of the colonnade with the names of the members of the Greenwell family included in his Conversation Piece.

Left:
H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE: By FLORA LION.

Right:
PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK: By JOHN A. M. HAY.

"MY TURN NEXT: THE LADY CONGLETON AND HER CHILDREN":
By FRANK O. SALISBURY.
The eldest boy is the present holder of the title.

LADY WARRENDER: By T. C. DUGDALE, A.R.A.
Lady Warrender is the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bt., and was Miss Dorothy Rawson. Her husband is the eighth Baronet.

PORTRAITS AND CONVERSATION PIECES FROM THE R.A.

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"TELEVISION AT ALEXANDRA PALACE": By HARRY RUTHERFORD.
A new phase of modern life inspired this unusual Royal Academy subject picture.

"GRETA GARBO IN 'ANNA KARENINA'": By ROBERT D. GREENHAM.
The number of portraits of film stars is a feature of this year's exhibition.

"EDNA MAY OLIVER AS AUNT BETSY TROTWOOD": By ROBERT D. GREENHAM.
Edna May Oliver, played Betsy in the screen "David Copperfield."

"MISS MERLE OBERON": By GERALD L. BROCKHURST, A.R.A.
Gerald L. Brockhurst is represented by six portraits at Burlington House. One is a study of Merle Oberon, the British screen star.

TELEVISION AND SCREEN STARS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

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CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"AND ON WE GO," the new revue at the Savoy, has a pleasantly optimistic title, and, since all theatrical backers are born, bred, and incurable optimists, Hope seems to be springing in the Strand like tulips in the parks, as it should at this season, and it has quite a good show to spring about. I do not foresee any gloomy notices at the stage-door announcing "And Off We Come" as the counter-title of the entertainment. This is a sound and solid sort of revue, with fun (by Mr. Charles Heslop) about sound and solid subjects like cricket and golf, and with workmanlike sketches by Mr. Douglas Furber about a subpost-mistress who is really "super" (Miss Marie Löhr sees to that), about the casualty-ward at St. Moritz, about stars of the canned drama and about stars of the can-can. "Time Staggers On," Miss Marie Löhr utters vocal publicity for Southend, Mr. Heslop hops, skips, jumps, and is amiably eccentric with bat and club, and Mr. James Hayter is an all right, all-round comedian. Miss June Knight sings and dances most acceptably with or without Mr. David Hutcheson, who sings and dances most acceptably with or without Miss Knight.

Nobody runs away with it; everybody gets a fair look-in and gives as good as he or she gets. There were one or two gaps on the first night. But the gaps can be covered. This is not one of those terribly advanced revues full of audacious dialogue, slinky dancing, and snippets of curious ballet. It efficiently entertains the very large class who, having dined, want a musical show which will neither insult by clowning of the clodpole kind nor mystify by jests of too erudite allusion.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT," *at the St. James's. This is the only known portrait of a detective not wearing a hat. As it is, he has removed it only to scratch his head. He is Mr. Tanner* (GEORGE MERRITT).

Just across the road, Mr. Charlot is continuing his "continuous" policy at the Vaudeville. At almost any hour of the day or night you will find Mr. Ronald Frankau in a revue called "RED, BRIGHT, AND BLUE." Mr. Frankau has perfected the art of pithy pattering; true, there is usually a musical accompaniment to his *dicta.* But that need not frighten you. He is not going to release a bass or baritone with hideous intent to get a job at Covent Garden. He does not really sing. He is content to tell us the story; his narrative manner, so quiet and so compelling, is an occasional joy on the wireless and now continuous at the Vaudeville. "Windmill" fanciers will find a "CORONATION REVUE" at their house of call, with Mr. Gus Chevalier and plenty of Windmill favourites to brighten the ceremonial.

The Birthday Week at Stratford brought a painful reminder of the waterlogged state of England. The race-course suffered, like poor Ophelia, from too much water, and the horses were sent home. Still, even without the backers and the bookies, Stratford streets were packed on Saturday, and the huge theatre was packed for both performances which I attended. Where do all these playgoers come from? Nobody quite knows. But come they do, pay, and send their cousins and their aunts to pay later on. Moreover, they listen intently. They constitute one of the best audiences I have met. First I saw "A WINTER'S TALE," in which Miss Joyce Bland's Hermione, assisted by Miss Clare Harris's Paulina and Miss Valerie Tudor's Perdita, set a much higher standard both in spirit and in speaking than we have been used to at Stratford in recent years. What the verbal opposite to "the distaff side" is I know not: anyhow, the male side, with Mr. Godfrey Kenton as a well-graced Florizel and Mr. Donald Wolfit as Autolycus, played up well too. Mr. Andrew Leigh's clowning was very helpful. This is not an easy stage for the drolls. But the pastoral fun came across the great open spaces uncommonly well. Mr. Wolfit exhibited a side of his capacities new to me by the jollity of his performance with the pedlar's pack.

On Saturday I saw Mr. Wolfit exchange the motley of Autolycus for the solemn black of Hamlet, in which part he performed with the utmost propriety. From a seat at the back of the gallery I heard every syllable, and appreciated the thought which had gone to shape and to perfect the rendering. If he had been a little more spontaneous, a little less obviously certain of what to do and how to do it, the part might have been still more exciting. But it is delightful to see an actor who is so thoroughly assured in his reading and in the technique of the rendering. Miss Tudor's Ophelia and Mr. Kenton's Laertes were excellent support. The young men of the company need lessons in attack. If anybody could give them resolution and resource in self-projection it should be Mr. Randle Ayrton, who assists Mr. Iden Payne.

People who drop in at Stratford and see a show (and in Coronation Year Stratford can expect more than ever so to drop in), may not realise the difficulties of casting and rehearsing eight plays more or less simultaneously. The theatre itself has many advantages of mechanism, and the audience, usually keen and attentive, as I have said, "sits soft"; but the efficient modernism of the house does not create the jollity of an old-style theatre, nor does it set the actors on easy terms with the audience. Furthermore, good young actors do not grow on every tree or yearn to be Shakespeareans: good young actors immediately imagine that they are fortune's gift to the films. But they are wise in their profession who spend a spring and summer in Warwickshire. They get the best of experience and in most pleasant circumstance.

The last candle in the bungalow has gone out and Lily James (MARGARET RAWLINGS) *has sent her week-end paramour to the village to buy another one. In the darkness someone enters whom she takes to be her young man. It is not, however, and we may not tell you who it is. Anyway, he kills her. He has the faculty of seeing in the dark, too.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xxiv.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"GLAMOROUS NIGHT," the screen adaptation of Ivor Novello's famous Drury Lane play, has now come to the Regal, but, in my opinion, the glamour of the stage piece has not quite survived transplantation. It will be remembered that the action is set in a mythical Balkan kingdom, and that the dramatic conflict presented is mainly concerned with the struggle of King Stefan, the ruler of the country, with his villainous Prime Minister, whose twin desires are dictatorship and the possession of valuable oilfields. The settings, and the romantic and colourful costumes, would seem specially well suited to the screen. Unfortunately, the difficult journey from theatre to cinema has shaken up a mixture of melodrama and music to such an extent that the plot seems to have settled down in bits and pieces loosely held together. Drama—even Ruritanian drama—does not amalgamate readily with interpolated song, nor is a heavy-hearted king threatened with enforced abdication an easy hero for a musical romance. The director, Brian Desmond Hurst, has shown resource in introducing musical numbers and is at pains to find a plausible excuse for Mary Ellis, occasionally reinforced by Trefor Jones, to burst into song. Gypsies, whose activities frequently invade the action, are proverbially prone to warbling under the greenwood tree, whilst an operatic star might, at a stretch, rehearse with her leading tenor to an orchestral accompaniment in a palace courtyard. But somehow these devices seem theatrical with revolution and a tottering throne in the offing, or at least there is a disparity of treatment in the musical and the narrative sections of the piece that affects its even flow. The play remains essentially of the theatre, and its enlarged outlines strain the story beyond its strength.

King Stefan, it will be remembered, finds consolation and inspiration in the love of a Romany singer, Melitza, who is in the habit of descending upon her kinsmen much in the manner of a film star visiting her native village. The ancient encampment of the gypsies covers the coveted oilfields; therefore, Melitza has no difficulty in rounding up the tribe for a spectacular and tuneful dash to the rescue, when the King has fallen into his Prime Minister's power. Polished palace settings, opera-house and fire-lit forest, with a brief glimpse of a luxury liner that miraculously seems to arrive at the port whence it sailed, offer a nice variety of backgrounds for glittering uniforms and picturesquely raggle-taggle gypsies. Mary Ellis plays Melitza with abundant assurance, and sings her theme-song diligently, though pleasingly withal; but her sophistication has strangely obliterated all traces of Romany blood. There is a hearty venom in Victor Jory's snarling Prime Minister, and a becoming eagerness to be of service in Barry Mackay's young Englishman, who hovers on the outskirts of the story. There is, too, the surprise casting of Otto Kruger as the somewhat feeble Stefan, a part which he plays with discretion, charm and a restraint that stands in effective contrast to the zeal of the rest of the company.

"O-KAY FOR SOUND" (New Gallery), which brings the "Crazy Gang" to the screen in a lively adaptation of George Black's successful Palladium show, lets Messrs. Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold loose in a film studio with incredible and most mirthful results. The six comedians, vainly endeavouring to extort pennies from a recalcitrant theatre queue, are rounded up by the studio call-boy to appear in a production requiring half-a-dozen "city types." Suitably attired, they are mistaken for a party of backers, and treated with a deference of which they take full advantage. Out of the chaos they create, a picture emerges, produced by the redoubtable gang, which scores a triumph. Into this framework, slapstick and burlesque, satire, dances, snippets of spectacle and a final naval flourish are dexterously fitted by the director, Marcel Varnel, who has linked up the turns with skill, though the genial team-work of the Crazy Gang deserves full credit for keeping the ball rolling. Odd bits of business are as richly comic as are the chief courses in a generous feast of fun. There is laughter all the way and scarcely a dull moment in a rollicking piece well attuned to a holiday humour.

Mary Charrington (MARGARET RAWLINGS), *the incredibly forgiving wife of Lily James's young man, is here facing the feline killer in order to prove to the police and to us—the audience at the St. James's Theatre—that her husband may have had lots of fancy ladies, but that he killed none of them.*

When a lovely London waif runs her barrel-organ into the Rolls-Royce of a distinguished foreign diplomat, it is a foregone conclusion that "LONDON MELODY" (Plaza) will find its *finale* in their felicity, even though the heroine is not allowed much chance to show her devotion to her benefactor, who anonymously provides for her training as a dancer, other than going starry-eyed whenever she meets him. Sure sign, of course, but one which the diplomat does not notice. His protégée gets engaged to his secretary, who blunders badly on a foreign mission and turns nasty. It remains for his chief to shoulder the blame and for the girl to discover her true love. This little fable, produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, has less distinction of writing than one would expect from the pen of Monckton Hoffe, but handsomely staged and moulded to popular taste, the play offers in compensation for its lack of good lines the undeniable good looks of its three leads. Anna Neagle, graduating from Soho *via* domestic service to the position of cabaret queen, looks beautiful in a new coiffure *à la* Trilby, and acts, sings, and dances with spirit. Tullio Carminati, unkindly shorn of his delightful sense of humour, plays the noble lover with suave dignity; Robert Douglas, who, we learn, is a bad lad, though the tale is too polite to emphasise that point, handles an indefinite character exceedingly well; and Horace Hodges contributes a gentle study of a kind-hearted padre to a polished production.

FIVE NOTABLE WEDDINGS.

The marriage of LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY, *younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., and the Countess of Dunmore, to* MR. PETER C. OLDFIELD, *of Moor Hill, Harewood, Yorks, took place at St. Margaret's. The bridegroom is helping the bride to cut the cake, at the reception.*

The marriage of MR. PETER FLOWER, *Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. Hugh Flower, to* MISS LYDIA HUTH, *younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Huth, took place at the Guards' Chapel.*

The HON. CLAUDIA BETTERTON, *younger daughter of Lord and Lady Rushcliffe, married* MR. DEREK ALLHUSEN, *9th Lancers, second son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Frederick Allhusen, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

The marriage of MR. D. B. GREENAWAY, *elder son of Sir Percy and Lady Greenaway, to* MISS SHEILA LOCKETT, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Lockett, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS, *the veteran stage star, gave away his daughter,* MISS BETTY HICKS, *when she married Mr. Donald Stuart, the Gordon Highlanders. Sir Seymour and the bride are shown starting for the church.*

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S TENTH ANNUAL BIRTHDAY BALL—*for Débutantes of Coronation year—was held last week at Grosvenor House and broke all records for this popular charity event, which is in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. This gives some idea of the scene when the débutantes queued up for pieces of the Birthday Cake cut by the Duchess of Kent. On the left* T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *are seen, seated.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *cutting the cake, with the assistance of a chef. The cake was decorated with 193 candles, and was, as usual, drawn into the centre of the room by the débutantes.*

THE DUCHESS OF KENT CUTS QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S CAKE.

Left: T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *arriving. The Duchess looked lovely in a brown net dress, with diamond stars at the waist.*

MAGNIFICENT DOUBLE BY LORD BERNERS: "A WEDDING BOUQUET."

Julia (MARGOT FONTEYN; standing) with Pepé, her dog (JOYCE FARRON), and Josephine (JUNE BRAY), who has drunk too much.

"A WEDDING BOUQUET," the new ballet with music, costumes, and décor by Lord Berners, to words by Gertrude Stein, was produced at Sadler's Wells last week. To quote the "Daily Telegraph," Lord Berners "has brought off a magnificent double." The ballet presents a French provincial wedding in the nineteenth century. Here the chorus chant "Josephine may not attend the wedding." The poor girl has got a little tipsy.

Left: JOY NEWTON and GWYNETH MATTHEWS (l. to r.) are the eavesdroppers concealed behind the cake.

The housekeeper, Webster (NINETTE DE VALOIS), photographs the bride and bridegroom (MARY HONER and ROBERT HELPMANN).

The bride (MARY HONER) and her bridegroom (ROBERT HELPMANN) in their dance. The choreography is by Frederick Ashton.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

Debutante

Music from lighted windows . . . The long line of cars around the square . . . A red carpet under a striped awning . . . One of London's prettiest debutantes is coming out; and for this great occasion all Beauty's arts have been mustered. No trace of fatigue—no suspicion of strain—must be allowed to detract from her elegance.

For strenuous social occasions, Elizabeth Arden advises:— *Debutante Treatment.*—A stimulating, cleansing and refreshing treatment with make-up. Each treatment 12/6. *The Glamour Complexion.*—The new, two powder technique to give the skin a delicate translucence—first Ardena Powder in a light tone, then a darker shade of Japonica powder, 7/6 and 12/6 a box each. *The Looking Glass Lipstick.*—A brilliant idea—a mirror set in the lid to save rummaging about in one's purse—Plain gilt, 7/6. Jewelled gilt, 10/6.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

A PUBLISHER suggested to Miss E. M. Delafield that she should spend six months on a Collective Farm in Russia, and "write a funny book about it"—

"Funny ?"

"Sure. Nobody has been at all funny yet, about Russia."

I admitted that I thought I might probably be funny enough *in* Russia, but that I didn't think I could be very funny *about* it. Especially not about a Collective Farm.

However, Miss Delafield agreed to try and "Straw Without Bricks" is the result. The title does not, as I thought it might, suggest a criticism of the Russian experiment. It acknowledges the author's sense of the shortcomings of her book, of "its vital deficiency in solid information." But, she adds, "straws in their frail, irresponsible fashion are sometimes thought to show which way the wind blows."

During the last two weeks the Rothschild sale at 148, Piccadilly, and at Sotheby's rooms has been one of the most discussed topics. The sum of £85,321 was realised by the sale of the contents of the family mansion, and the silver realised £40,031, which brought the total to £125,262. This is MR. VICTOR ROTHSCHILD, *by whose order these treasures were put up to auction. He is with* MRS. ROTHSCHILD, *formerly Miss Barbara Hutchinson. She is the only daughter of Mr. St. John Hutchinson.*

Miss Delafield did well to ponder before embarking on her enterprise. To be funny about a serious subject is like being disrespectful to the Equator: it needs a great deal of finesse if it is to succeed. The object, or one of the objects, of humour is to belittle; and a mere glance at the map of Russia shows that belittlement here will not be an easy job. One may end by looking small oneself. Or one may come prepared to scoff, and remain to bless.

Humour and Criticism.

Miss Delafield, is a past-master of the art of ridicule. She never brings all her guns into action together: she seldom risks a general engagement; she deals with her enemy piecemeal. But in this case Russia was not her enemy, nor ridicule her object. She tried to fulfil her publisher's injunction; she went to Russia to see what opportunities for humour it afforded. But humour is a form of criticism, and, apart from the fact that Miss Delafield is temperamentally a critical writer, there was much in her Russian travels that challenged, nay, demanded, criticism. One such challenge was the attitude of the Intourist guides. They would never admit that anything in the U.S.S.R. fell short of perfection. A milder visitor than Miss Delafield would have been stung into opposition by this. Another grievance was physical discomfort. Her readers must be well aware that any fly in the ointment, any crumpled rose-leaf in the bed, puts Miss Delafield, as a humorist, on the top of her form. She travelled "hard class" in Russia, and never does she fail to make the utmost possible capital out of her sufferings. Often they reached a point when they can only be described in terms of a quite unusual frankness. She does not shrink from that frankness: she makes quite clear what was the result, for her and her travelling companions, of a continuous diet of black bread. When she had to sprinkle the Keating's, she does not scruple to say so. When—but I must leave her readers to find out for themselves the difficulties of her daily routine. Once, visiting a women's hospital, she found herself assisting at a scene which, in other countries, would have been reserved for the eyes of doctors and nurses.

"They haven't even got screens" [observed her companion, her face very green].

"What for, screens ?" says the guide in an interested way.

It would be waste of words to talk to her about privacy. The word, in Russia, has no meaning at all—and the thing itself does not, so far as I have seen, exist.

Conversational Topics.

Other grievances which provide food for Miss Delafield's comic spirit are unpunctuality and monotony. The guide always appears an hour or so after time, demanding reproachfully whether her charges are ready. (The guides seem always to have been women.) Monotony in Soviet Russia has many manifestations—in the inevitable pictures of Lenin and Stalin, in the single tune—"Sous les Toits de Paris," played by every band on every occasion; and, above all, by the conversation—

I find myself making up an alphabet of Russian conversational topics.

A for Abortion, or Abolition—of Nobility, Religion, Capitalism, Prostitutes, etc.

B for Bortsch, and Birth-control.

C for Comrades or Construction, or Constitution.

D for Demolition—Democracy—

and so on. I shall enjoy doing S, which is particularly fruitful, with Stalin, Stakanovite, Soviet System, Socialism, and probably a great many more.

"Unaccountably Depressed."

Miss Delafield visited Leningrad ("Leningrad has plunged me into the deepest depression, and I wish I hadn't come"), Moscow ("there is no doubt that Moscow, whether through its fault or my own, has a most depressing effect on me. I think it's partly the number of Comrades who walk the streets and throng the trams and stand in queues outside the shops and the cinemas, all looking rather drab and unwashed and solemn"), and many other places; she undertook, at the request of a friend, a "special investigation" into the condition of domestic pets in Soviet Russia. Here again her researches left her "unaccountably depressed." Other conditions, too, she investigated; the position of women, the status of religion. She attended a kind of register-office, in which marriages were made and unmade with the utmost ease. She kept an eye on her travelling companions; none of their peculiarities escaped her; the solicitude, indeed the unrestrained enthusiasm of the American lady, Mrs. Pansy Baker, for everything Russian may have influenced her own feelings in the opposite direction. But the

[*Continued on page* xxii

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN, *the distinguished novelist, is here seen in a striking pose. She is the author of "Stallion," "Matador," and other novels, and has frequently contributed stories to our Christmas Number and that of our sister-paper, "The Illustrated London News." Her latest book, "The Lost One: A Biography of Perdita Robinson," has just been published by Methuen. Miss Steen wrote "Perdita" under difficulties. She was staying in an old, haunted house in Segovia, with the rising tides of revolution lapping against the walls. The house was full of workers, persisting under these trying circumstances—one painter getting ready for the Salon, another for his London show, and Miss Steen busy with "Perdita," and her autumn novel.*

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JOHN EVERARD

THE SKETCH DIARY

ALL the birds that have reached our shores this summer seem to have alighted on hats. Sometimes one, sometimes two—even, if you like, five or six, providing they are small and vivid and that they are clustered together. The girl at the head of this page is wearing a hat of very fine navy straw, woven like linen, the downward-sloping brim edged with white petersham, and on the minute crown two pearly white bird quills.

This is a type of hat which is universally becoming, for it is piquant without being in the least exaggerated. Try it for yourself at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, W., where everything is especially exciting just now because they are celebrating their own Centenary at a time of national rejoicing.

SEASONS come and seasons go, but two hats remain firmly fixed in women's favour — the béret and the sailor. And for the summer sailors win. They are easy to wear and they are tremendously *chic*. Here is one that has been specially designed for Marshall and Snelgrove in white basket straw, a band of black patent leather encircling the crown and forming a down-turned edge to the brim. Then, on the band which anchors the hat to the head, there are four ciré birds which lie flatly against the hair.

FOR Ascot, for garden-parties, for summer days when one is wearing long, flowered frocks, a picture hat, please—perhaps like the one on the left, which shows that sure colour sense, which is one certain sign of all this season's models. Made in royal blue baku, it has a fold across the crown and a tuck round the brim, which is piped underneath. The long ends of velvet ribbon and the whorls, which are set against the crown, are of blue and soft crimson velvet. This is a third model from Marshall and Snelgrove.

# of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY - SMITH

LONDON has a new thrill for every woman who loves hats, since Madame Agnés, the famous French milliner, now has a Salon at Harrods, of Knightsbridge. Here on this page are three of her new models, each showing one of her favourite lines.

The girl below is wearing one of her fascinating little straw toques, the brim rolled up at each side, and in this instance she has trimmed it with wide loops of green moiré ribbon. Others she spices with multi-coloured tufts of feathers or gay tartan bows.

HERE is glamour. No woman could wear this tiny toque and boa and remain untouched by that most elusive and most potent attribute. It is made in exquisitely lovely violet-blue ostrich feathers, clustered on the brow and tied with a minute bow on the crown of the head, with one end sweeping down the back.

As for how it is kept on—Madame Agnés, tired of elastics and bands across the hair, has patented a completely revolutionary idea. All her hats are made on a spring, which runs from the front to the back, gripping the head lightly but with gentle firmness.

FOR more tailored occasions, Madame Agnés is stressing the lines shown in the hat on the right. Notice the sharply flattened long line at the back, the lift at the sides, and the curve of the brim, which juts forward at the front. This is a model which she interprets, with piquant details, and deft personal touches, in felt and gros-grain, in felt and mousseline, and, as here, in fine black straw with pastel coloured ribbons.

BRILLIANT FOOTWORK

JOHN EVERARD

IT is useless to buy delightful clothes unless one can be sure that one will wear them well. Their effect depends mainly on the way you stand and the way you walk, and this, in turn, obviously depends on the comfort of your shoes. The girl in our picture, so full of *joie-de-vivre*, has had a gala shoe-buying afternoon. She is wearing green suède sandals with a broad instep strap woven with patent thongs. They are made as well in black, blue and white, and the price is 19s. 9d. The summer sandal in the foreground is made in almost any colour, and is trimmed with piping and stitching.

The other shoes are shown in detail, the one on the left at the head of the page in black suède and patent, in all suède, or in white and patent and brown or blue and white. It is a four-tie shoe decorated with oblong punching. On the right is a high-cut brown suède lace shoe trimmed with leather braiding, and made in a variety of fittings. And a new instep bar shoe in black or brown calf, delicately brogued, and fastened with a gun-metal buckle. This costs 25s. 9d., and is the most expensive of these shoes, all of which come from Abbotts, of 324, Oxford Street, London, W.

1.12

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of waiting
for
a
train . . .

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a
blessing
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this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THREE weeks of non-stop golf has left some vivid impressions. There was the "Silver King" £1000 professional tournament at Moor Park; then the English Close Amateur Championship at Saunton; and now the Dunlop-Southport tournament, in which the professors are playing for another £1600, is in progress at Southport. The mention of these four-figure tournaments may give the impression that professional golf is a very remunerative business. But, except for a few, it is nothing of the sort. However, the fact that there is now about £15,000 in prize money to be won this year has given the playing professional a new urge. Unfortunately for the majority, who will have to be content with the "crumbs," the major part of the money will no doubt be divided between about a dozen players who, by their own hard work, have made themselves the best golfers in the country. All golfers know the names of these men who achieve fame as well as fortune, and they can learn a lot watching them play. These men always have big followings when they are playing, and it has occurred to me several times recently that a very small percentage of the spectators realise how valuable a lesson they can learn from watching them. One impression I have is that the majority of spectators watch the effect of a stroke instead of the cause.

LORD MAUGHAM, *the distinguished judge, is here seen waiting patiently to be signalled off in his match in the Parliamentary Golf Handicap at Walton Heath. He was defeated by Mr. B. Baxter.*

Another impression is the futility of the putting. One sees the impotence of great golfers, both amateur and professional, when faced with a putt that any child could hole. I may be wrong, but to my mind the reason why so many professional golfers play "a perfect drive, a perfect approach and three perfect putts," to borrow the words of a cynical Scottish amateur, is that far too long is spent on the putting greens. There was a striking instance of that at Moor Park, where Henry Cotton won with the wonderful score of 279 for 72 holes—nineteen strokes better than the scratch score. He saved nearly all the strokes with his putter. It has been said so often "Henry Cotton is a bad putter" that this impression is gaining ground. Cotton wins because he is a good putter, and if all the "missable" putts do not go down, he must not be blamed. When he won at Moor Park, Cotton had a last round of 68, and in that round took twenty-seven putts without holing a single long one.

Golfing Sluggards. There is a little human story behind this achievement. Cotton will never be satisfied until he can accomplish any course in the 60's, and the fact that his putts would not go down encouraged him to make all sorts of experiments in style and in putters. He borrowed a putter from a lady member of his club some months ago, putted well with it, and has retained it. I am sure it is only psychological, but the putter suits Cotton. Then, during the tournament he was talking to Ted Ray, the veteran who has won British and American Open Championships, when Ray said, "You take too long over your shots, especially your putts. Make up your mind to say to yourself, 'One—two—three, go!' whenever playing an approach putt or a short putt." Cotton tried this out and found it successful.

Too Much Courage. Before leaving the reflections upon the professional tournament at Moor Park, mention of the great little golfer from Royal Dublin, Patrick Mahon, must be made. He is a curly-headed, smiling young man, who should soon be among the big winners, because he has unbounded courage and is not fearful of short putts. On the other hand, too much courage cost him a chance of tying with Cotton for the first prize. He was chasing Cotton, and had to accomplish a 67 to tie with him. If he could get a 4 at the sixteenth, a hole of 480 yards, he could accomplish this. On the green with two great shots, a yard from the hole with an approach putt, and then he struck the ball so firmly that it hit the back of the hole and stopped on the lip. He took 68, and was one stroke too many.

MISS C. P. R. MONTGOMERY *defeated* MISS JESSIE ANDERSON *(right) in the final of the East of Scotland Women's Golf Championship at Murrayfield. She is receiving the trophy from* MR. F. W. PAULIN.

Leslie Henson's Cure. And now the cure. It is not mine, but it is so good that I pass it along. I was discussing the subject with Leslie Henson, a keen golfer of my own class (which is not all that good). He told me a way to remedy this stupid putting. In the United States, and in ordinary friendly matches, an arrangement is sometimes made by which players each pay a fine of a dollar for any approach putt that finishes short of the hole. In order that he will not go very far past the hole, there is another fine for taking three putts. If a similar wager were introduced into our friendly games in this country, I am sure we should all be better putters. Alfred Padgham declares that the phenomenal success he gained last year can be attributed to "putting for pennies" against members of his club on the lawn at his club house. It is not so much the loss of the amount of the wager as the urge to win it that makes such players good putters—and winners.

SIR JOHN SIMON, *who, it is rumoured, is to become Chancellor of the Exchequer when Mr. Neville Chamberlain vacates that office to become Prime Minister, competed in the Parliamentary Golf Handicap at Walton Heath. He had a walk-over in the first round and beat Mr. B. H. Coode in the second. He is having a chat with* JAMES BRAID.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: *The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday*

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WE have gone all Coronational, but I can't say that it strikes me as being too dignified."

The broker cocked a critical eye at the Stock Exchange scheme for exterior decoration of the House, then shook his head disparagingly.

"Are you going to floodlight ?"

"I don't think so. The Managers say that the building does not lend itself to floodlight effects. To my idea, a line of good flags would have looked more impressive than those things up there."

"You can't please everybody," observed Our Stroller. "Where you want the floodlighting is inside the Stock Exchange. Some of your markets could do with a little illumination, if you know what I mean."

"We 've got the floodlights already. They are turned on when distinguished visitors dine with our Managers and Committee."

"What visitors ?"

"The King has been here to dinner; he and the Duke of Windsor——"

"Not as Duke of Windsor ?"

"No; he was Prince of Wales when he and our present King last came to dinner in the Committee Room. Afterwards the Chairman brought them into the House, and the floodlights were turned on to the War Memorial. That 's where the lights are fixed," and he pointed to a couple of corners in the roof above their heads.

"We could do with a spot-light on the Oil Market," one of its jobbers declared. "There ought to be no troubled waters here, but I 'm blest if I can see my way. Can you ?"

The broker admitted that he was similarly blest. "Still," said he, "your good concerns must be having quite a prosperous time, so why worry ?"

"Because," another dealer chimed in, "we can't see what effect the Budget is likely to have upon dividends. Don't you think they will be cut ?"

"I can't see why they should, you know. Look at it this way. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thinks we are in for a good time, expanding trade, increasing profits——"

"Which he proposes to take away."

"Part of them. Not the lot. He bags a percentage of the increase. Shareholders' incomes may not be any the less than they are now."

Several other men had turned round to listen. The new tax has so irritated and annoyed Stock Exchange men that any defence of it arouses immediate interest.

"You overlook the fact that prices had gone up in anticipation of those increased profits being paid in the shape of extra dividends to shareholders—not to the tax-gatherer."

"They go as a contribution to National Defence. You get your increased dividend in Peace and Security instead of in cash. That 's all."

"All ? Oh, is it ! I admit that we know National Defence is very expensive, and nobody begrudges paying for it, provided a tax is fair and is properly spread. But this one acts in such an arbitrary and haphazard way that all kinds of inequalities arise. That 's what vexes a man."

"In order to raise an extra twenty or twenty-five million pounds two years hence, Mr. Chamberlain depreciated the value of our stocks and shares by about seven hundred million pounds in a week."

"So that what he hopes to make in taxes he loses in Death Duties."

"And kills Stock Exchange business for the next six months. Don't you agree ?"

Four other men did, with violent equanimity, but——

"I think," protested a fifth member, "human nature is extremely adaptable, and already we are growing accustomed to the outlook. After all, the tax is a temporary measure."

"This country 's going to want all the money she can get for a few years, and it 's a far, far easier thing to put on a tax than it is to take it off again."

"Prices have come down with a pretty good jerk, you know. They don't look too dear now, if the previous dividends are going to be maintained."

"As I think that they will. We bought our shares, I know, on the idea that those dividends would be advanced. The Government proposes to collar part of what we had been hoping for——"

"Part ?" someone queried.

"That 's what I said. The net result is that we shall have to be content with a smaller yield than we anticipated. In other words, our shares are not worth as much as we thought they were going to be."

"It 's a rotten tax, all the same. I can't see any sense in it from the point of view of trade and industry, or encouragement to work, or kindness to Stock Exchange animals."

"Bull, bear, and stag, eh ? Never mind. There were worse things happened in France, and I 'm a great believer, as you know, in the adaptability of human nature."

"I 'm sick of the beastly Budget," announced a jobber. "The only good it has done to me is to bring in buyers of preference shares. Three months back you couldn't give 'em away. Now everyone wants to know what preference shares you can offer."

"Then you must be busy, I suppose ?" said Our Stroller.

"Me ? Busy ? No, Sir. As soon as I go on to take shares from people who have been anxious sellers for months, I find that their orders have been cancelled. That 's what always happens."

"People want something with a fixed dividend they can rely on, now that there 's all this uncertainty over the dividends on Ordinary shares. You can see the same thing happening in the gilt-edged market."

"And debenture stocks you can't buy for love or money. They are scarcer than sovereigns."

"To change the subject, I 'm going to have a day's golf, and then see the Coronation on the pictures. In comfort."

"Don't tell Princess Elizabeth. She may be looking out for you, and you wouldn't like to disappoint the Little Lassie, would you ?"

"I 'd rather spend the night in the open than do that. But she will have all the country cousins and all the overseas visitors to look at. So I leave the streets clear for them."

"I suppose," said a broker wearily, "that my elaborate and highly effective illumination scheme of red, white, and blue lamps——"

"Six of each ?"

"To be precise, three. I get my effect through austere simplicity. I suppose that rain——"

"Why do electric supply shares keep so firm when other industrials are dull ?"

"Because the dividends are all but standard rates. Any kind of fixed-dividend stocks and shares are bound to benefit at the expense of the others with variable dividends."

"Things like Marks and Spencers and Woolworths have fallen pretty heavily. Yet their dividends are likely to be maintained."

"That 's so, but they may not be put up, don't you see, and the previous prices were based on the idea that they would."

"Imperial Tobacco and Bats. haven't suffered much damage."

"Ah, but they hadn't been going ahead so much as some of the others. The shares are worth their present price, it seems to me."

"Smoking won't decrease, whether we have good times or bad. And while the national trade is on the increase, the brewery companies can't help sharing in its results."

"Therefore we can tell our clients to keep their tobacco and their brewery shares, eh ? How about rubber ?"

"Ay, there 's the rub. The companies did fairly well last year, after three years of struggling with adversity. This means they will get it in the neck under the N.D.C., unless Chamberlain gives them special consideration."

"As I suppose he will. It won't suit the Government programme to throw hindrances in the way of any industry that is largely run on British capital."

"South Africans ought to be a good buy."

"They 've said good-bye to a lot of our money in the last three months. People are afraid to touch the shares after their April losses in Kaffirs."

"Everything will be finally settled before the Coronation. That 's what I 'm told, anyway. Oh, no connection with it at all, of course, but the dates happen to coincide."

"You think I can play my round of golf with an easy mind ?"

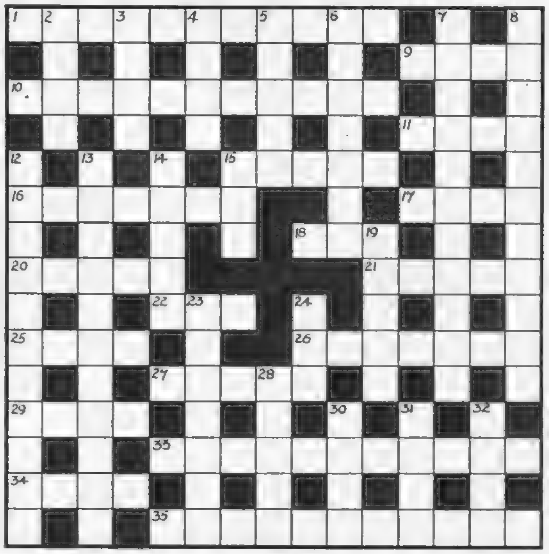
"With a mind as easy as your swing. You will find the links rather crowded on Coronation day, I 'm thinking."

"Same thing has occurred to me. If I do, I shall pack up and try for a quiet spot somewhere near home and beauty."

"That 's easy," and an option-dealer smote him lustily on the back. "Quiet spot ? Near home and beauty ? Permit me to suggest Parliament Square or Piccadilly Circus and—Heaven bless her !—our Princess Elizabeth !"

Friday, April 30, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Non-clergy and clergy prepare the table (three words; 3, 3, and 5).
9. Wash with it, but don't drink it afterwards (4).
10. Whoever gets out of this car in No. 4 Down, you 'll always find aunt inside it (hyphen; 8 and 3).
11. Turn of the tide (4).
15. It sometimes rests with me (5).
16. The outside (7).
17. Make of car (4).
18. Part of a tragedy (3).
20. Sporting item (5).
21. With this weapon an artist turns his back on a disturbance (5).
22. Cliquy feature of tennis (3).
25. When Isolde dies in the opera, she is careful never to fall thus (4).
26. Not stout, nor any other drink for the matter of that (7).
27. We no longer lose our heads when we reach this mass of buildings (5).
29. I, madam, a Mohammedan, indeed ! (4).
33. Collar: would that be to the point ? (11).
34. Part of ship often in evidence in this port (4).
35. Passing strange (11).

DOWN.

2. First person (4).
3. No name for a Great Dane (4).
4. The green isle (4).
5. Regal (anag.; 5).
6. The paper for a paper-chase ? (7).
7. Drop lion den (two-word anag.; 11).
8. A towel trick involves a criss-cross arrangement (hyphen; 7 and 4).
12. There are needles you can't thread there, but what about cows you can't milk ? (three words; 4, 2, and 5).
13. Past cure, and ends with a story (11).
14. I admit this game has its points (5).
15. Has four legs and one foot (3).
19. "It is a nipping and an ——— air" ("Hamlet") (5).
23. Regular oval, but there 's a feature in otherwise (7).
24. Advice to those who don't know (3).
28. Can't be straight, however much inclined (5).
30. Hurried in poetry (4).
31. Sounds a stable business (4).
32. Needle-case (4).

This England . . .

Monckton-Wylde, on the Dorset-Devon border

THE feeling of continuity in this England is even more apparent to strangers than to ourselves. Did the Civil War rage in the West? (Charles once lay hid at Monckton-Wylde) —was Monmouth's rebellion foundered there? Did William of Orange pass this way to his throne? To us these lovely sleepy corners are places "where nothing ever happens." But we so carry our history and traditions with us—in places and habits—that the stranger feels them all about him. One habit he soon delights in — the drinking of good English beer such as Worthington brew. As traditional, this ale, as Dorset's Blue Vinney or Devon's squab pie.

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MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE motoring scribe does not so much test cars as try them. It takes many, many thousands of miles to discover any weak points in a good modern car, and testing, as such, can therefore only be properly carried out by the department of a factory whose business it is to do so. The writer on motoring matters can only try a car as a prospective purchaser would try it, to see how much acceleration there is, how fast it is, whether the springing is good and the steering light, and so on. He may, of course, find certain details which are not to his liking, but from the mechanical point of view it is unlikely that any weaknesses will be revealed.

The situation alters somewhat if the trial run is extended to cover over 12,000 miles a distance nearly equal to half-way round the world, in a matter of a few weeks, especially if the running is not on the good roads of Western Europe, but through the deep sand of the Sahara and over bumpy tracks that pass for roads in Central Africa. I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that motoring across the African continent at a high average speed is fifty times as hard on a car as being driven on French or English roads; so the 12,000-miles tour which I recently completed on a "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce may be interpreted as having the same value as a test of more than half-a-million miles on good roads.

If a car has undergone such a test and finishes it with every nut and bolt on the chassis tight, without breaking a spring, or bending an axle, and without the bodywork showing any signs of its ordeal except a slight rattle in one of the doors, due to a missing rubber buffer, then it may be considered a very fine car indeed. I learnt a good deal about the capabilities of the Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." limousine on this trip, though the most extraordinary feature of the run, to my mind, was the fact that not a single drop of water was added to the radiator from the time the car left Derby until it returned, having covered, as I have said, a distance almost equal to half-way round the world. I hasten to add that only the normal radiator was used, and there were no condensers or auxiliary tanks. The only non-standard feature of the car was in fact, a slightly more powerful cooling fan, but this, I understand, would in any case be fitted to one of these cars if it were being sent to the tropics.

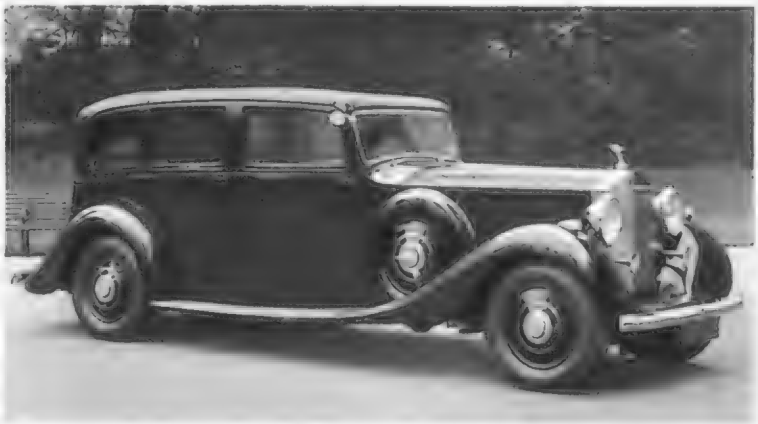
For the second year in succession a BRITISH HILLMAN CAR *has gained the Premier Award for All Classes in the strenuous 2000-mile Cape-Rand-Cape Reliability Trial. The successful car was a* HILLMAN "HAWK" SALOON, *entered and driven by J. D. McKnight, which also won first prize in the Big Car Class. A Hillman "Minx" saloon, entered and driven by Dick Slabber, repeated its success of last year by again winning first prize in the Light Car Class. There was the keenest competition from American, German, and Italian cars. Our picture shows* J. D. McKNIGHT *(tallest; left) and his crew with their winning Hillman "Hawk" saloon at the conclusion of the trial.*

The independent front springing of the twelve-cylinder Rolls-Royce not only provided extremely comfortable riding over atrocious surfaces, but it proved 100 per cent. reliable. I doubt if such a run could have been accomplished on a car with orthodox suspension by leaf springs and a rigid front axle without breaking a couple of sets of springs. Our back springs, too, showed the stuff of which they were made, for, although only of the standard limousine strength, and therefore not quite up to the overload they had to bear, they stood up manfully, never giving a moment's trouble, although often cruelly overstressed. When, at the end of our time in Africa, we drove down from the Atlas mountains into Algiers, the car was just as quiet, just as refined in its running, as when we set out, yet it had undergone a gruelling such as few cars have ever suffered in so short a time, while the magnificent Park Ward limousine body was as sound, as dust-proof, and as water-tight as at the start of the run—a tribute to the high grade of British coachbuilding.

Although certain records for travel across Africa were broken in the course of the run, these were merely incidents in the tour, for our object was to reach Central Africa as quickly as possible, so as to give us more time for filming and photography on the journey home. The fact that Nigeria was reached in five days and two hours from England, which is still quicker than the speeded-up air-mail service, and that the journey from Algiers to Kano was covered in three days seven and a half hours, shows what the Rolls-Royce can do effortlessly in the course of ordinary touring. One other point which is, for me, at any rate, a record, is that we made the double crossing of the Sahara without once getting stuck in the sand. The credit for this must be shared between the car, with its enormous reserve of power, and the Dunlop tyres, which provided ample bearing surface on soft ground. Finally, it is worth noting that on the whole of our journey to Nairobi we averaged more than ten miles to the gallon of petrol, and over 1000 m.p.g. of oil.

This old-world spot at King's Norton is within five miles of Birmingham's busy centre. The car in the foreground is a RILEY "ADELPHI" SALOON, *a "car with a view," seating five adults. It has preselecta gear as a standard fitting, and costs £350.*

One of the most amazing developments of recent years is the establishment of Shell petrol pumps in nearly all the larger oases of the Sahara. Thus we were able to fill up with Shell from the pump and get the correct grade of Shell oil that we were using at relatively short intervals, thus obviating the necessity for carrying large amounts of supplies. The Shell representatives at the most remote points went out of their way to help us, frequently undertaking to fill our tanks while we ourselves enjoyed a rest and a meal. The enterprise of large concerns such as Shell Mex, Ltd., has done much to smooth away the hardships from the always difficult Sahara crossing, now that this is being increasingly used as a motoring route to Africa.



This superb THRUPP AND MABERLY SEVEN-SEATER ENCLOSED-DRIVE LANDAULETTE *on the latest 40-50 h.p.* ROLLS-ROYCE "PHANTOM III." *chassis has just been supplied to H.H. the Maharaja Dhiraja of Darbhanga by Rootes, Ltd., of Devonshire House, London. The rear seat, which is fitted with a folding centre arm-rest, is wide enough for three persons, and occasional seats of the face-forward type, which fold flush into the sliding glass division behind the driver, provide comfortable seating. The car is finished in black cellulose with a fine white line and the equipment includes a radio set and a telephone communicating with the driver.*

FAMOUS CRITICS COMBINE TO PRAISE

THE *Flying Standard* "TWENTY"

" Acceleration is excellent . . . there is an ample margin of power . . . capable of putting up an excellent average on give-and-take roads . . extremely good value for the money."

Sir Malcolm Campbell in "The Field."

" Often I found myself cruising most comfortably at over 75 . . At that speed it held the road superbly, the steering was confidently steady . . . Its acceleration was brilliant . ."

Hon. Brian Lewis in the "News Chronicle."

" Good design today is a compromise . . . Tremendous power is no good if it is tricky to use. The Standard Company has gone for reasonable power with stability and ease of control, consequently, this 20 h.p. car is faster than some faster cars . ."

Earl of Cottenham in the "Sunday Pictorial."

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCXCVII.

ABOUT SLAMS.

A SLAM bid (and made) is the *sauce piquante* of contract bridge. I have put "and made" in brackets because it is the bidding of a slam that is so delectable, the making of it of secondary importance. I know, and so do you all, innumerable players who go down one, two, or even three tricks on their slam bid, but consider and announce that "it was well worth while." Personally, I fail to see this; I mean, how is it "worth while" to lose a couple of hundred points on a problematical slam instead of picking up six or eight hundred on a sure game bid? It may be all right from an actuarial point of view, but then, I don't profess to know anything about that side of slam bidding.

You will, of course, bear in mind that I refer (as always in these notes) to ordinary club play and average club players. The slam specialist, expert or "master player" takes care to make as well as bid a slam; he is disappointed if he doesn't make it, and rightly so, for with these players slam bidding is a very fine art, ingenious to a degree, altogether a neat and pretty business. But if you will take my advice you will leave slam bidding to the specialist who specialises in slams! And mind you, it takes two specialists to bid and make a slam to a near certainty; it 's no good putting a slam expert opposite an ordinary club player—their slams will *not* be near certainties. However, for all I say, you will go on bidding slams, which, to be sure, you have a perfect right to do; but do be careful about one or two points of this feature, *viz.*—

(1) Don't jump partner at one blow to a slam.
(2) When you invite partner to bid a slam, don't you yourself bid it, except in the unusual case where you hold the top honours in partner's declared suit—*i.e.*, ace, king; ace, queen, knave.
(3) Although you have been strongly invited to bid a slam, don't bid it if you see too many gaps in your hand.
(4) Don't force your adversary into a slam bid unless you are certain to beat him.
(5) Don't double a slam bid except on a card certainty.

There is yet another point about slam bidding: is there any object in making a slam invitation response too high? This is constantly done, so I suppose there is some good reason for it. Only the other day I read of a case where A, being 60 up, opened the bidding with one spade; B, his partner, bid *five* no-trumps. The writer of the article, in analysing the bidding and play, made no comment on the immediate jump to *five* no-trumps, so presumably it was in order, though I myself would have thought a response of *two* no-trumps (one over game) would have done the same work and in an easier and less risky manner.

Here are examples illustrating (1) and (3) above—

B

(1) Spades—Q, 3, 2. Spades—K, 6. [9, 8.
Hearts—A, K, 4, 3, 2. Y Z Hearts—Q, Kn, 10,
Clubs—A, 3, 2. Clubs—6, 5. [10.
Diamonds—5, 4. Diamonds—K, Q, Kn,

A

A opened the bidding with one club (not conventional). I, being Y, bid one heart. Z bid six hearts! A, of course, doubled. This I consider the worst slam bid ever made. Was it made by a beginner? No: it was made by a "qualified" teacher of contract! Comment is not needed, except to say the obvious: that when A had opened the bidding, a slam is all but an impossibility. By good luck we were only two down.

(3)
Spades—A, Q, Kn, 10, 8, 7, 6.
Hearts—2.
Clubs—K.
Diamonds—9, 8, 7, 6.

B

Spades—9, 4, 3. Spades—K, 2.
Hearts—Q, 5, 4. Y Z Hearts—10, 9, 8, 7.
Clubs—Kn, 10, 9, 8. Clubs—7, 6, 5.
Diamonds—10, 3, 2. Diamonds—K, Q, Kn, 4.

A

Spades -5.
Hearts—A, K, Kn, 6, 3.
Clubs—A, Q, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—A, 5.

A bid one heart; B, *two* spades. A, three clubs; B, three spades. A, four diamonds; B, four spades. A, four no-trumps; B, six spades. Here, despite the strong slam invitation, B was wrong to bid it; his trump suit was not solid, and his hand full of gaps. In this case, too, A was wrong; the bidding should have stopped at four spades. This hand illustrates another "don't" about slam bids: don't bid a slam unless you feel confident you can make a hundred per cent. of the possible tricks. Z led the king of diamonds; A (dummy) put up the ace, and B was three down. He immediately led a trump from the table and took what I call a "futile" (in this case, fatal) finesse. The slam can be made: the ace of trumps is put up, the king of clubs led, dummy entered with a heart, and three losing diamonds are discarded on the ace, queen of clubs, and ace of hearts.

TWO

extra horse-power

WITH "BP" ETHYL BECAUSE IT

Banishes Pinking

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

'We're quite a "Braemar" gathering this morning, Janet'

'Well, we're wise enough to know that "Braemar" not only looks right but feels right'

It is easy to greet the first sunny days of Spring with a smile if you have the appropriate garments, and the lady on the right is looking very happy about her Braemar Pure Cashmere Twin Set. The Jumper which has short sleeves and a neat little collar costs 31/6 and the Cardigan 42/6. Her friend is wearing a Braemar Cardigan in Botany wool. This Cardigan is also made in Lamb's wool or Pure Cashmere and the prices vary according to quality. If you would like to see other Braemar styles, with range of prices, write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new Spring booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

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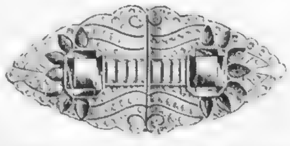

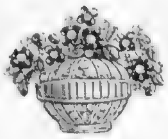

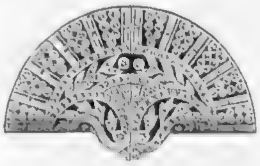

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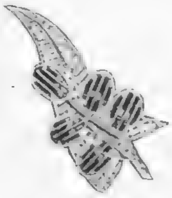

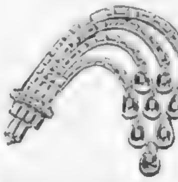

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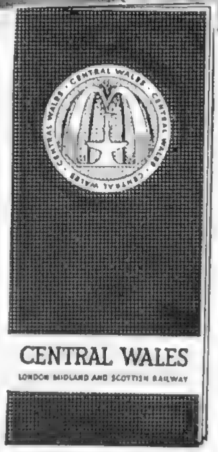

The illustrated folder "Central Wales," the "Holiday Contract Ticket" folder and "Cheap Fares" booklet can be obtained free from any LMS station or office.

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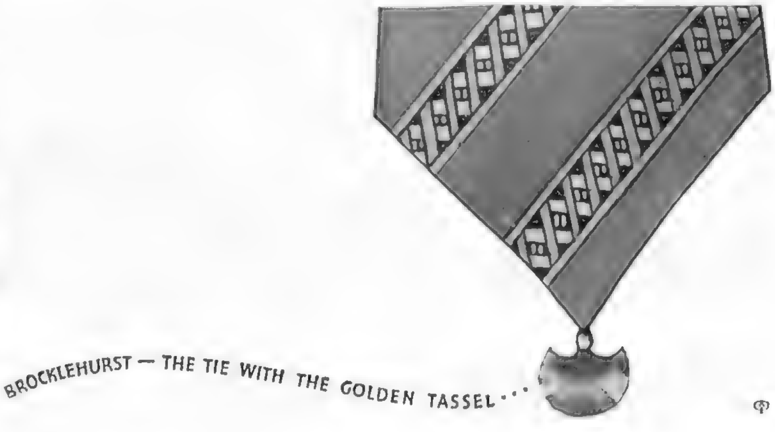

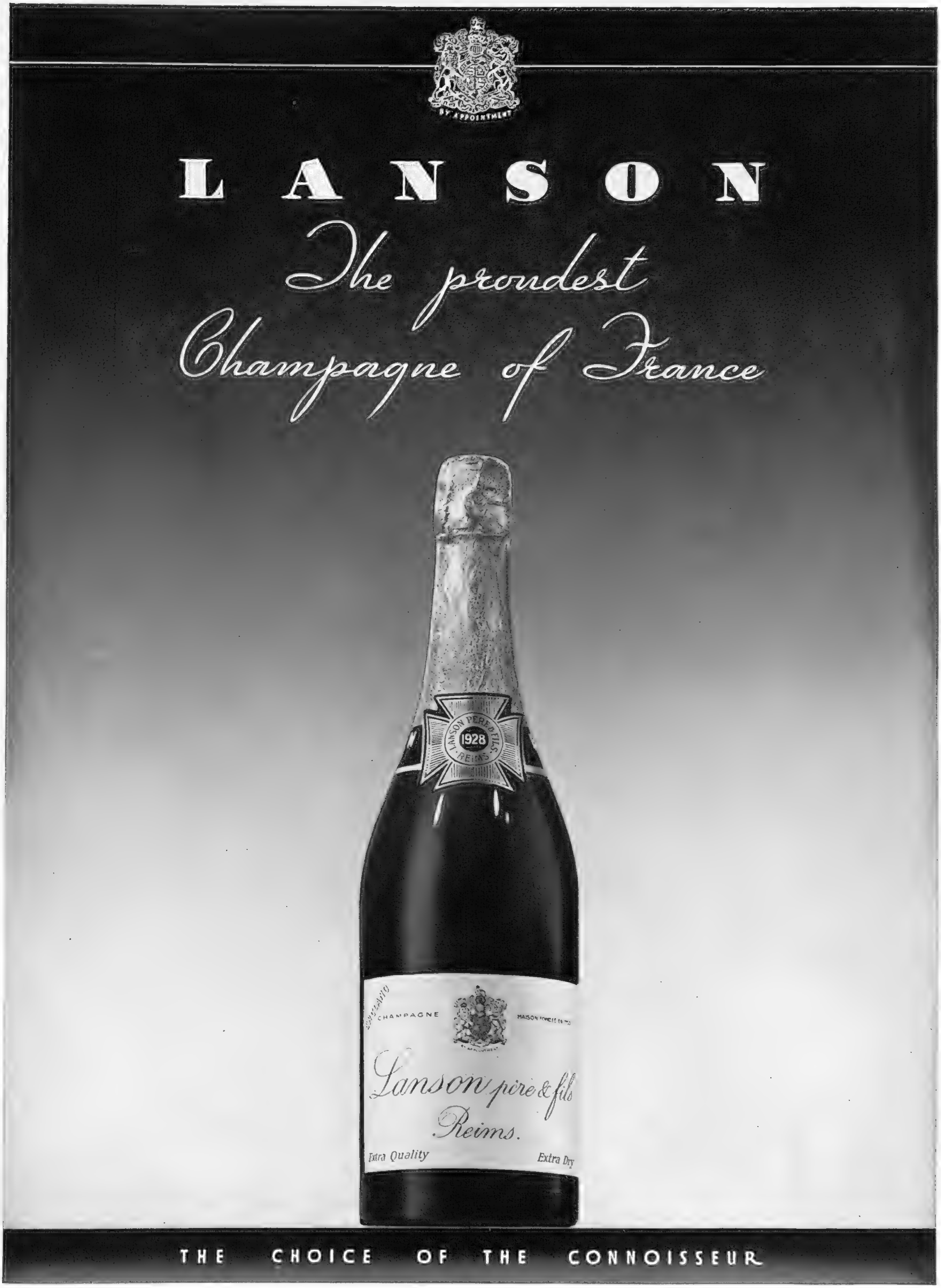
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THE VICTORIAN STREAK

(Continued from Page 220.)

'er 'usband. I 'm yer pal. That 's all. Jest as usual, Bill, ole man."

"You think he 's flat enough for the old wheeze ?"

"Think ! Sure of it. Suffolk, me boy. An' Oxford. And Eton before that. Flat as a flounder. You 'll see."

Kit eyed the window. Getting in unheard while the two men hung out of the window had been easy. Getting out with both of them on the alert would be impossible. A silence fell till, suddenly, the fanlight over the front door was illuminated by the lamp on the landing.

"Got 'im in ! Good ole Lil !" Kit heard.

A longer silence fell, broken at length by the sound of someone fiddling with a key for the keyhole.

"I—I feel so frightfully—funny," Kit heard a girlish voice exclaim. "I 've never felt like this before."

"Let me unlock the door for you.'

"Please. Thank you." The front door was opened.

"I—I believe I 'm going to be silly and flop," Kit heard. "Oh, I—I 'm sorry, but I must clutch hold of something, you know."

"Let me help you in to a chair. There 's somebody in ?"

"My old Nanny, yes. She lives with me, but she 's in bed. I 'll ring for her. No, not that bell. She can't hear that in her room. The drawing-room bell. Just help me——"

"D' you say you think you must have been drugged ? If so, let me go for the police and a doctor. You—you aren't getting better, you know. An antidote——"

"I—I 'll be all right. Just get me in here. My bedroom. I feel I 'll be all right. Once I lie down. You—you don't think I 'm drunk, do you ?"

"I 'm sure you 're not."

"I haven't had a drop of anything. I never do. Oh, but everything 's going round ! Don't let me go. Hold me. I 'm frightened !" Voices and footsteps resounded.

"I whacked him, Ted," Kit heard the man called Bill observe, "four up and three to play. Hello, why 's the door open ? Where 's Lil ?"

The sound of hurrying footsteps reached Kit, and then : "Lil !" and "What 's all this ?" and "My God, Lil !"

"There 's nothing wrong. Nothing. He—he 's my brother," Lil cried in tones of intense agitation. "Aren't you—aren't you ? He only came up to have a drink and a chat. Didn't you ?"

"I came up because you stopped me and said you felt——"

"Lil stopped you ? Piffle ! Lil, explain. A drink and a chat—*here* ? Your brother ?"

"I—I meant a friend," cried Lil in hysterical tones. "We 'd only come here for a minute. We were just going into the drawing-room. We were, weren't we ?"

"You 've jumped to a wrong conclusion, Sir," Kit heard. "I found this poor girl crying, hardly able to stand, in the street below. She said she felt suddenly faint. She asked me to help her across the road. Of course, I did——"

"And forced your way upstairs and in here ! Faint ? I don't believe it. Lil never feels faint. Look at her ! Does she look faint ? Let 's have the truth. Your lover, Lil ? You thought I was safely out of London ? Is that it ?"

Lil's sobbing was, for a fraction of a second, the only sound that reached Kit.

"No, it 's not !" she next heard. "I told you the truth. D' you doubt it ? D' you doubt my word ?"

"I do."

"Then——"

"Gently, mister !" exclaimed bullet-headed Ted in his gruffest tones. "See this ? Well, I don't want ter use it. But if you mikes me—well, you mikes me. Forcin' of yerself on a respectable young woman, wife o' my pal. Forcin' yerself into 'er room. Showin' fight. Self-defence. *I* shan't be blimed if I do plug yer. But there 'll be a pretty story in the pipers."

"Now I see—blackmail !"

[Continued overleaf.

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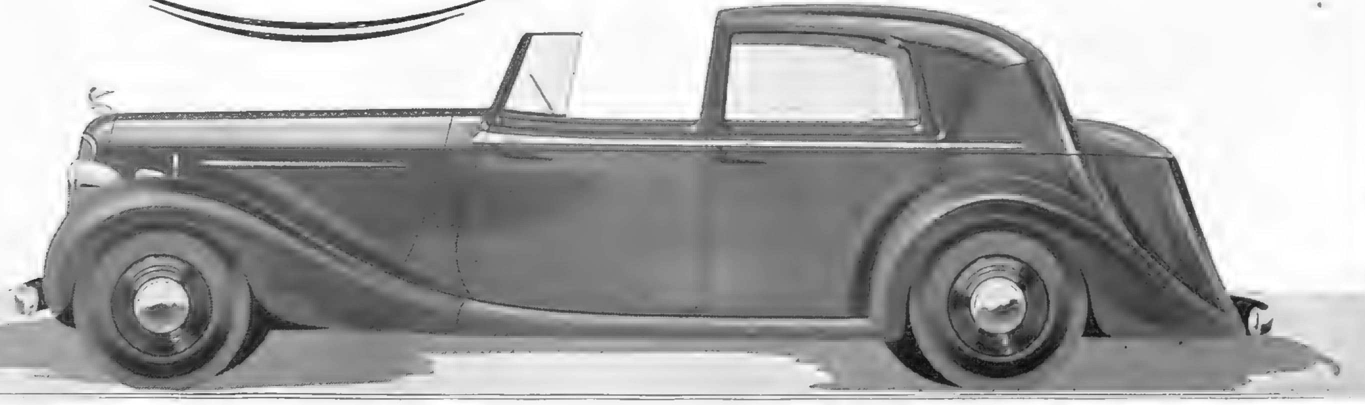

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PIMM'S
No. I CUP

Here's the precious bottle. **12/6** and it makes 7 pints.

The long drink with a click in it

Continued.]

A silence fell. Then, suddenly, Lil laughed—girlish, rippling, ready, spontaneous laughter.

"A brighter mug than we thought!" she exclaimed. "Well, hands down, then. Call it what you like. But we want a couple of hundred pounds to say no more about it."

"Two hundred pounds! D' you think I stroll about——?"

"Oh, we 'll take your cheque," said Bill affably. "We 'll trust you. If it 's not met we 'll circulate our side of the story to all your relations and friends in Suffolk and Marlchester, me lad."

"You—know me?"

"All about you, young Sinderson. The Bishop won't be best pleased. 'No smoke without fire' is the motto of the Church, you know. And 'Don't touch pitch' is another. You 've touched it to-night, me boy, to some tune. And don't forget there are our three words to your one."

"Your words won't go for much!"

"I can see your father opening my letter to him. Can you? I can picture your mother——"

"You damned swine!"

"I don't want to be!" cried Bill, laughing happily. "I 'd like to settle this thing in a gentlemanly way. Hard words don't

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improve matters. Nor will hard blows—though Ted here 's itching to give 'em. Sign this slip o' paper. Listen: 'In consideration of your consenting to forgive your wife and promising to take no further steps against me, I beg you to accept £200 in full and final settlement of the wrong I 've done you, and I promise to pay that sum within twenty-four hours.'"

"I 've done you no wrong! I——"

"Shall I ring up Longhusst Hall and get your mother out of bed?"

Sudden uproar arose—sounds of blows, scuffling, panting, a heavy thud, the creaking of the bed, a groan. . . .

Kit peered out into the passage. Into the shaft of light from the bedroom she hoped against hope to see young Sinderson come. He didn't.

"That 's all you get," she heard Bill, panting, say. "Lie there and listen to reason. We 'll give you ten minutes. If you 're not ready to sign by then, I ring up your mother."

"Don't be a fool," Lil said appealingly—quite gently. "Give in, boy."

The sound of matches being struck, the splashing of whisky and the hiss of a siphon reached Kit. The silence that then fell seemed to her unending.

[*Continued overleaf.*

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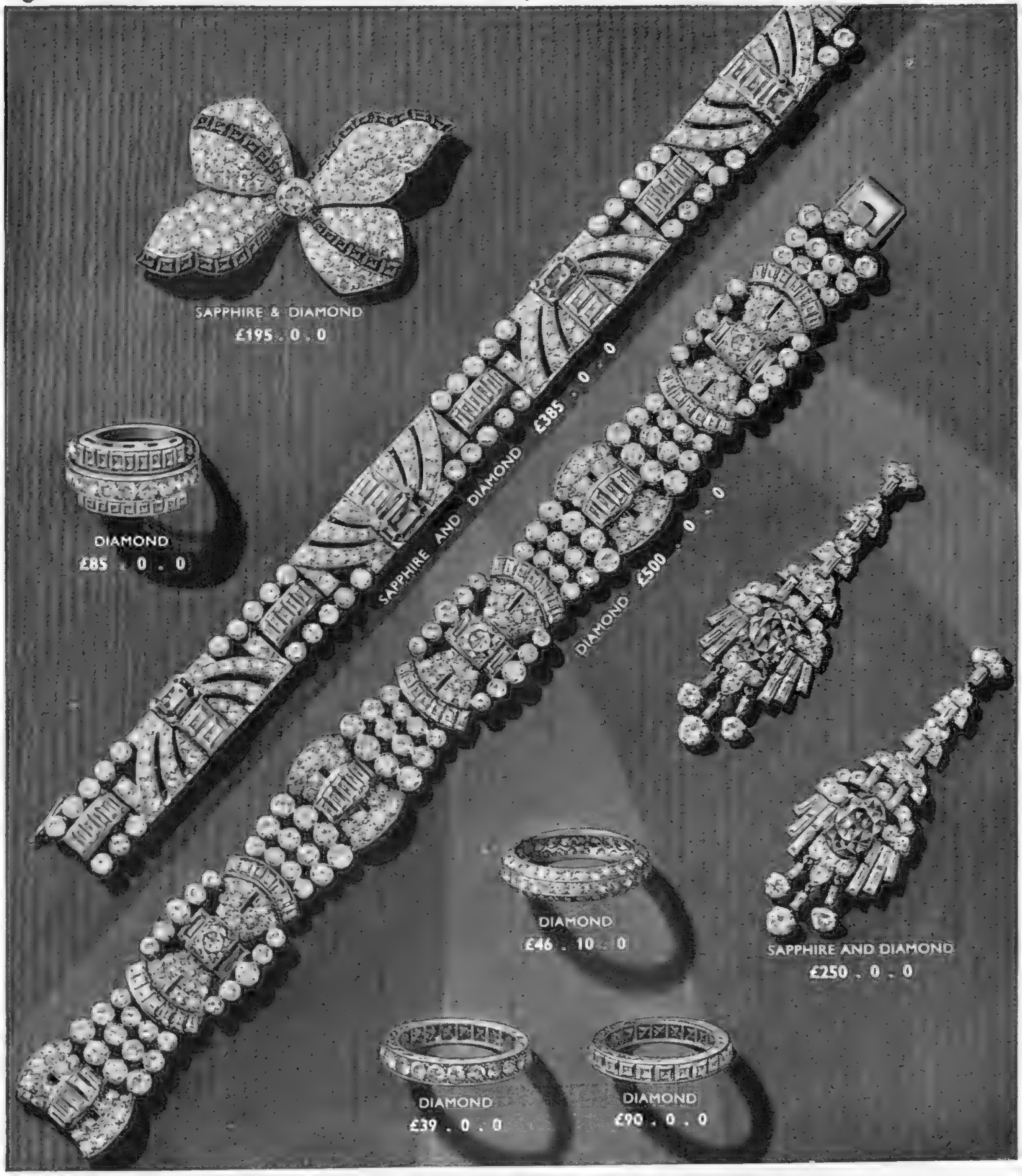

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[Continued.]

"Ted—the telephone," she heard Bill say at last.

"And if I did sign," she heard in husky tones, and realised that young Sinderson's nerve had gone, "and if I paid up, you'd give me that paper back?"

"Sure. It wouldn't be any further use to us."

No further use, thought Kit. A signed confession! Of eternal use, unless the youngster faced the music, and even then, she realised, his having signed it would weigh heavily against him. It was like Kit to determine to prevent his signing at all hazards. It was like her to feel pleasure at the tingle of what she believed to be fear as she registered a vow to intervene. But how? And when? Suppose he signed and went away, how was she herself to escape? It looked as though they must escape together.

"Well, 'ow's it ter be?" demanded Ted.

"Give me a pen," Kit heard, and tiptoed immediately into the passage.

In the lit room Lil leant on the black and brass rail at the foot of the bed. On either side of the bed sat Bill and Ted, the latter tapping a squat automatic on the palm of his left hand. On the bed, dishevelled, pallid, sat a big young man with a fast blackening eye, a bleeding nose, and a cut lip. On his knee lay a magazine and on that a slip of note-paper. In his hand was a fountain-pen.

"Don't sign, Mr. Sinderson," said Kit suddenly, surprised and delighted at the steadiness of her voice. "It's all up, Bill. Don't get rattled. I'm alone and yet not quite alone. I'm from a detective agency. We've had an eye on you for some time. Keep your seats, please. Let me explain. We saw you, Lil, waylay young Mr. Sinderson. We knew Bill and Ted were waiting up here—at the window. Well, we don't want to have Mr. Sinderson's name mixed up in this and that's lucky for you—all three of you. My mate's below. If I don't reappear in five minutes with Mr. Sinderson in tow, you force our hands. The police, Bill. The police, Ted——"

Their faces were sheer delight, but Kit's brain was too busy to enjoy them to the full. In such utter deflation and dismay and suppressed fury they glowered, seeming frozen into immobility, that she felt it best to go on speaking.

"Come along, Mr. Sinderson," said she lightly. "Tear that slip of paper up. If you want to escape the police and publicity, the sooner you're downstairs the better."

"Who put you on to us?" breathed Bill, and fingered the automatic as a small boy fondles an apple he's been told not to eat.

"Sorry," answered Kit. "I'm not at liberty to say. But your luck's in to-night, for we've got to let you go. Silly Suffolk, Ted, mustn't hear of this story, you see. So you go scot-free and I lose a scoop. It's a hard world. But we four will meet again. And then—— Well, Mr. Sinderson, aren't you ready yet?"

He lumbered off the bed. Perhaps, thought she, a blow on the head had made him slow in the uptake. To her amazement, no attempt whatever was made to stop him.

"Good night, all," said she with a smile, and went, purposely sauntering, towards the front door. Sounds of excited conversation, carried on in low, urgent tones, followed her out on to the landing. But it wasn't till they had descended a couple of flights that she heard movement above.

"Come on!" she whispered to dazed young Sinderson. "We must make a dash for it!"

Downstairs she pattered at full speed, setting the pace for young Sinderson, at her elbow, who lost on the landing but drew level on each flight. As she flung open the front door, the noises of the pursuit were plainly audible. She caught sight of Ted at the top of the last flight as she slammed the door on young Sinderson's heels.

"Come on!" she cried again. "Let's bunk!"

At the corner of the street a taxicab came towards them—crawling. Kit hailed it, ran to it, leapt in before it had stopped, laughed, and cried, "Hop in—quick!" and "Drive us to Kennett's Hotel!"

On that short journey Peter Sinderson heard her explanation.

"Modern girls," said he, "are an absolute red rag to mother. I shall tell her exactly what one's done for me. She'd have—swooned. It's the pluckiest thing I've ever heard of."

But when, nearly three months later, Peter was driving Kit down to Suffolk, she grew whiter the nearer they got to Longhusst Hall, till at last she said despairingly:

"Turn back, Peter. I've the wind up, darling. I daren't, Peter! I can't go through with it, darling. Really I can't, Peter. She'll hate me. Mothers always do. Oh, Peter, darling, I'm absolutely stiff with terror!"

[THE END.

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MARIEGOLD AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE portrait-painter's attitude to feminine dress is of perennial interest to women. It 's one of the angles from which most of us view the Royal Academy, though we may not care to admit it! Artists must make a pact with fashion, for we won't forsake the styles of the moment; and since Coronation-season dress is feminine, graceful, and dignified, they are happy this year. T. C. Dugdale has chosen to make a full-dress portrait of Lady Warrender in fluttering Gainsborough draperies; Mrs. G. V. Whitehead sat to Richard Jack in a model of *imprimé* satin with cherry-red shoulder-knots, the height of present fashion; and the ubiquitous Bavarian peasant blouse has made a triumphant appearance at Burlington House, since Lavery has painted Miss Delphine Reynolds wearing one.

Mrs. John Wills, the married daughter of Lady Elphinstone, and a niece of the Queen, is the subject of a de Glehn symphony in white and gold. Her dress is modish, but not dated. Brockhurst, one of the most discussed and admired of present-day portrait-painters, has, however, bent the 1937 fashions to his will and not merely recorded them. The big sleeve has served him well, for could anything be more decorative than his Merle Oberon wearing a coat with high, pointed sleeves and an amusing hat?

Then, too, he painted Lady Doverdale in one of the favourite collarless silk coats of the moment in a glowing shade of red. It 's a fashionable garment, and when the styles of 1937 are forgotten, it will remain decorative. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid sat to Brockhurst in a black velvet with the modern voluminous sleeves and not a single jewel. The classical quality of her beauty is heightened by this restraint.

Nearly all the portraits strive after a decorative formality, and the picture of Miss Gladys Cooper and Sally, by the late Harrington Mann, is one of the few in informal country attire.

Problem pictures include the Alexander Christie of Mrs. W. S. P. Alexander (sister-in-law of Lord Caledon) seated at a spinning-wheel, wearing present-day dress and apparently about to begin spinning. Is she reviving this old handicraft?

Dogs are well served, for Lavery has included Miss Reynolds' enchanting Sheltie in his picture of her; Charmian, daughter of Mr. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell and a niece of the Princess Royal, posed with her red cocker for her portrait by Edmond Brock; the Duveen family dogs, a couple of wire-haired terriers, are included in the conversation piece by Lavery showing Lord and Lady Duveen at home with their daughter; and Mary D. Elwell has introduced an Alsatian sitting on a chair in her subject-picture, "The Room on the Street."

The most discussed paintings will include Lavery's "Music at Wimborne House," the proof that high society enjoys dignified and cultured pleasures; Lady Congleton and her family of three boys and five girls, painted by Frank O. Salisbury, which is in the nature of a problem—"find the mother of all these!" Lady Patricia Ramsay's under-the-sea picture of angel fish and corals (or maybe it 's only her own aquarium) and the humorous canvases of George Belcher. My favourite work, however, is "Homage," by H. E. Blair-Leighton, which depicts a young shop-assistant kneeling before a wax model of a girl which he is about to clothe in yards of brocade draperies.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, APRIL 28.

ACROSS.—1. Limitation. 6. Beef. 10. Maria. 11. Removable. 12. Complain. 13. Rower. 15. Tremolo. 17. Imitate. 19. Athlete. 21. Bengali. 22. Gusto. 24. Peruvian. 27. Imposture. 28. Recur. 29. Garb. 30. Benevolent.

DOWN.—1. Limb. 2. Merioneth. 3. Tramp. 4. Tornado. 5. Osmanli. 7. Elbow. 8. Fleur-de-lis. 9. Aversion. 14. Straggling. 16. One-Horse. 18. Avalanche. 20. Espouse. 21. Bernese. 23. Super. 25. Virgo. 26. Brat.

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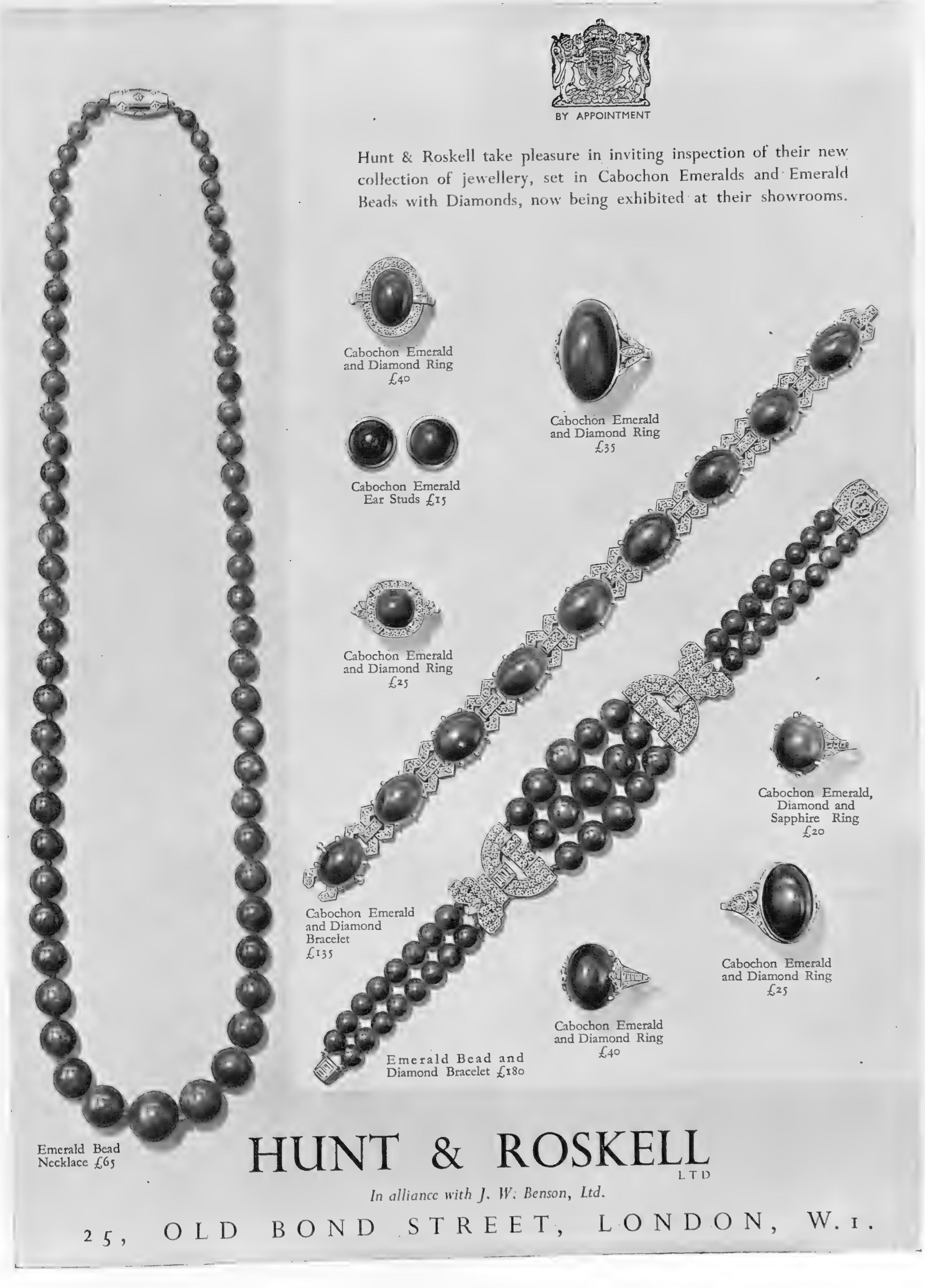
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 244.)

most interesting part of her experiences is the record of her life on the Seattle Communal Farm. There she was outside Intourist surveillance; she was, perhaps, the first Englishwoman to have first-hand knowledge of this peculiar social organisation, and her impressions are extremely vivid and by no means always unfavourable. As "Comrade Dashwood" she was treated with consistent kindness by her fellow-workers, and among them she found one person (the only one in the course of her travels) who, though a confirmed Communist, admitted that the régime had drawbacks. Her own mood varies between approval and disapproval, neither swelling with enthusiasm, nor shrinking with horror. Her general conclusion is "that Russian Communism, taking it by and large, is probably an improvement on Russian Imperialism, and that we must, like Mr. Twemlow, hold on to that. Otherwise we shall be tempted to condemn it wholesale as a reversion to barbarism."

Nostalgia for the Past. One result of studying the present is to give us a much livelier appreciation of the past. On all sides we find evidences of this, especially at the cinema and the theatre, which tend more and more to avoid the contemporary scene and find inspiration in epochs remote from bombs and poison gas. It is a curious phenomenon, this nostalgia for the past. We are condescending and ironical about it, yet our imaginations continually crave solace from it. We are consumed with curiosity, for instance, as to how the Barretts lived, or the Brontës. Why? Is it just a passing fashion, or a tacit acknowledgment that our own age is lacking in the special vitamins required by the imagination?

Before the war, and perhaps also in the hopeful years that immediately followed it, we should have looked with pity and forbearance, tinged perhaps with self-satisfaction, at the state of affairs prevailing in the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel in the eighth century before Christ. It was certainly a very uncomfortable time, with little sense of security, present or to come. Judah made one of the group of buffer states wedged between Assyria on the north-east, immensely strong and rapidly growing stronger, and Egypt on the south-west, a power of enormous but declining prestige. Two kings, Uzziah and Hezekiah, contributed greatly to Judah's prosperity, and, temporarily, to its peace. But prosperity was itself a danger: it stimulated greed and jealousy in less fortunate neighbours. Upon the death of Uzziah a confederacy of small nations was formed against Judah, and the young King Ahaz, "harem born and harem bred," appealed for help to the king of Assyria.

Isaiah and Isolation. But Isaiah, the subject of George A. Birmingham's fascinating biography, was, besides being a poet, a prophet, and a reformer, a statesman. All his life he was an isolationist, and he denounced the Assyrian alliance. In vain. It was effected, and for a time it seemed effective. The confederacy was crushed. But it was crushed at the price of Judah's independence: Ahaz had to pay tribute to Tiglath-Pileser. In the succeeding reign of Hezekiah prosperity returned: it was a golden age. But again Jerusalem, that desirable morsel, awoke the sinister interest of the Assyrians. This time the menace was embodied in the person of the great conqueror, Sennacherib. Hezekiah grew increasingly uneasy. At last he thought he saw a way out. There was a revival of military ambition in Egypt; Egypt and Ethiopia combined could surely stem the Assyrian flood. Hezekiah would throw in his lot with them. Again Isaiah pleaded for isolation: "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." Any other course would result in Judah's being crushed between the upper and the nether mill-stone. Hezekiah lent him but half an ear. But Isaiah was right. The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold and gave the combined Egyptian and Ethiopian forces battle at Eltekeh. "In reliance on Asshur my Lord" (wrote Sennacherib, in an unwontedly humble mood) "I fought them and effected their defeat." The way to Jerusalem, no less than the road to Egypt, lay open to his conquering armies. He sent Rabshakeh to treat with Hezekiah. It was then that Isaiah made his supreme effort. He persuaded the King to reject the Assyrian overtures and to trust in Jehovah. "The Assyrian shall fall by the sword and the sword not of men shall devour him."

The Prophecy Fulfilled. As everyone knows, the prophecy was fulfilled and the overthrow of Sennacherib's host seems almost as miraculous now as it did then. Isaiah's biographer misses no single point in the drama: it gives his book a magnificent climax. Yet in the excitement of these historical events the personality of the prophet is not lost sight of. He ceases (as Lady Horner remarks in her admirable Foreword) to be just "someone in the Bible"; he becomes a real human being, as well as a statesman whose problems (the author does not emphasise this, but it is only too obvious) were much the same as those that

[Continued overleaf.

AISLE AND FAREWELL

"So the condemned man ate a hearty breakfast?"

"Oddly enough he did — in spite of last night's stag party. All set now for the orange blossoms."

"And the little head?"

"Ticking over beautifully old boy. Cool as a frame-full of cucumbers. Am I becoming a saturated solution — or is it just the influence of a good woman?"

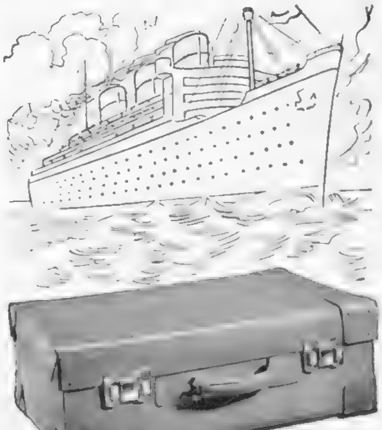
"Your ignorance of the facts of life, Edmond, is little short of monumental. Remember the long draught of Rose's Lime Juice I made you drink before retiring? Pause and consider, Edmond—knowing me as you do—was that pure altruism?"

"I've never known you do an unselfish act in your life old boy."

"Right. My only concern was to save myself trouble and get you to the church in such condition that you could both speak audibly and walk unaided. With the help of Rose's Lime Juice I have succeeded. Listen carefully, Edmond, while I explain the action of Rose's —"

"I say — look! Quarter to eleven! Where's the ring? Where's my hat? Is the car ready? Is my tie all right? — Hurry up, hurry up. Where's my — oh, here it is — QUICK!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE—THE WISE MAN'S NIGHTCAP



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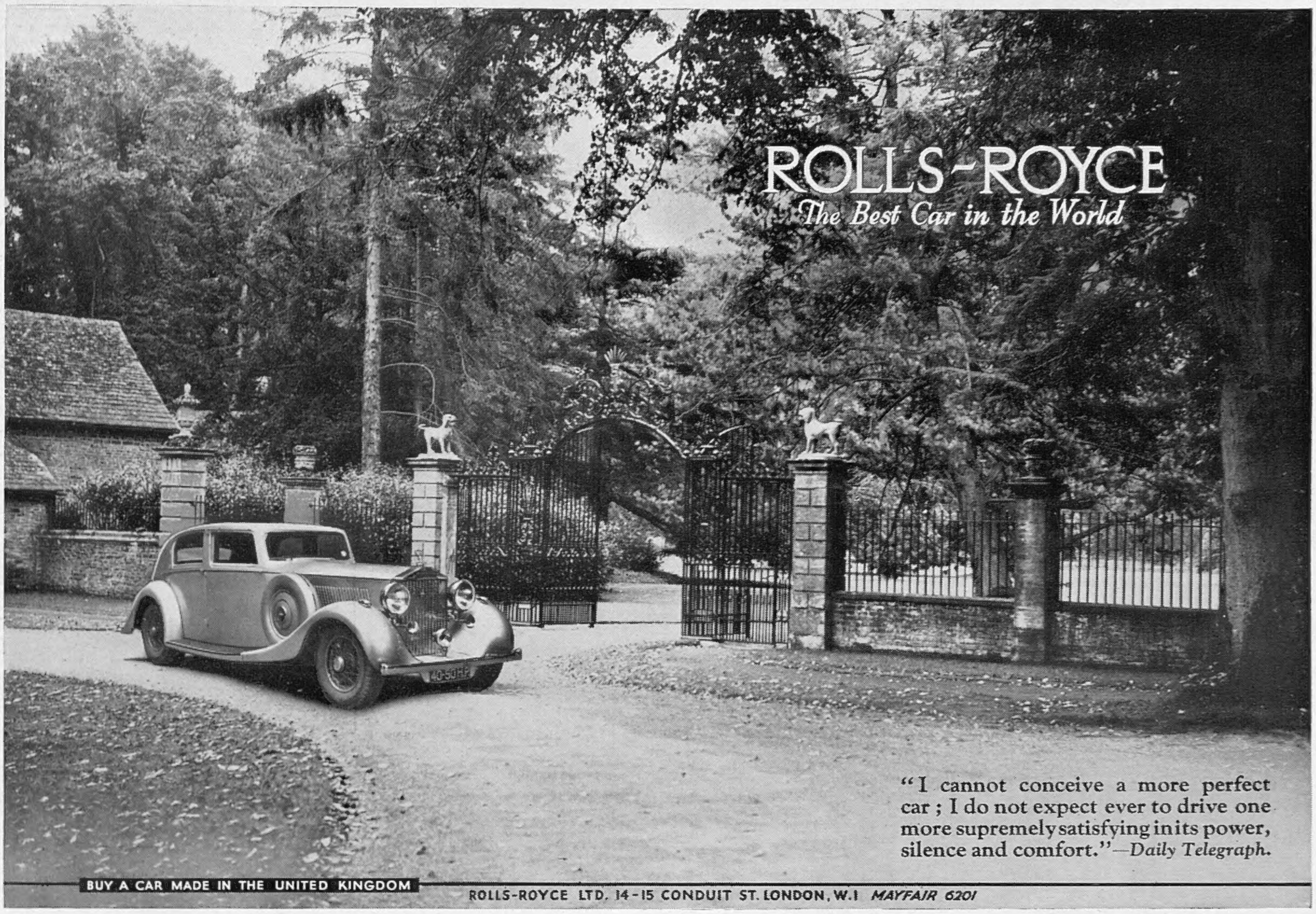

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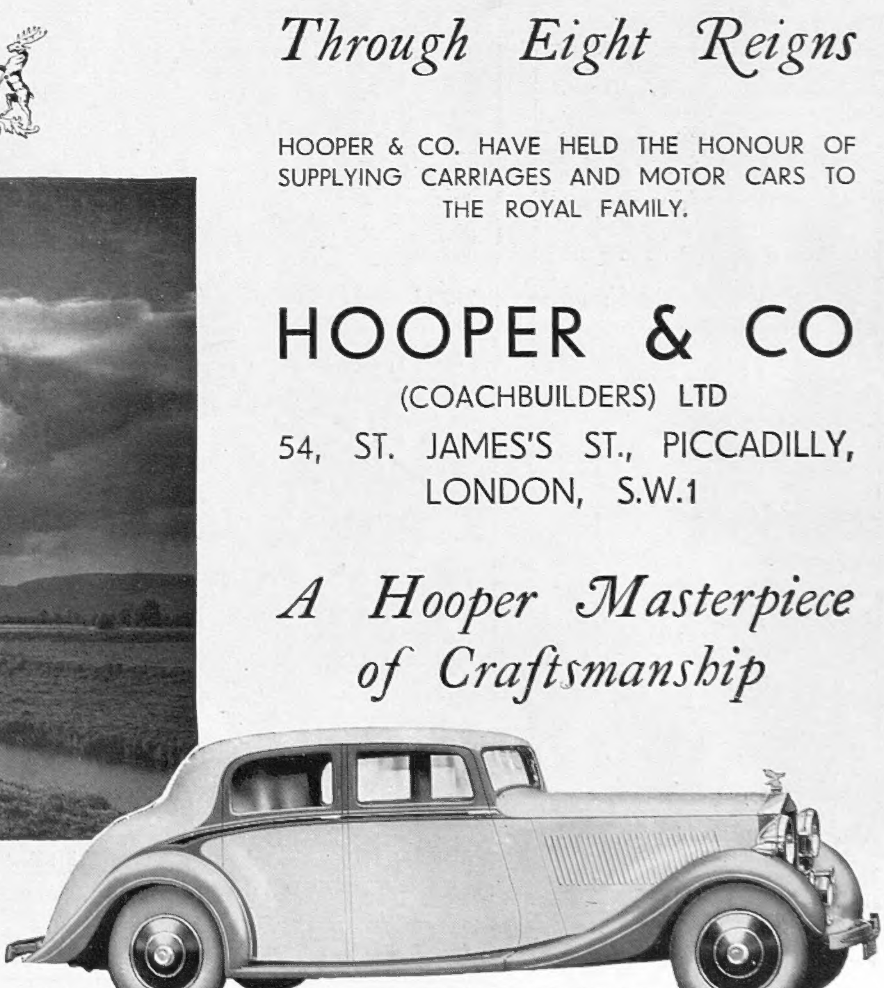

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Continued.]
face English statesmen to-day. But (I mean them no disrespect) how much more grandly does he fill his rôle! Where can we look for his faith or the eloquence with which he expressed it! He lived nearly three thousand years ago in what we used to consider a rude age; but the twentieth century has a lot to learn from it: and the lesson could not be stated more clearly than it is in George Birmingham's imaginative, simply told, unpretentious, intensely interesting biography.

" King John of Jingalo." King John of Jingalo was the ruler of an imaginary, but by no means Ruritanian, kingdom. The book is remarkably well written and interesting. The characters, too, are well drawn; and their conversation is worthy of their station, which is, of course, the highest in the land. The conversation may be criticised, perhaps, as being too perfectly turned; the Archbishop, the Prime Minister, Prince Max, and even the poor, bewildered King had no need of *esprit d'escalier*; they always had their retort ready, and couched in the suavest and most telling terms.

" Educating Elizabeth." The dialogue in " Educating Elizabeth " is ruder, more racy, and liberally sprinkled with Scottish words—for the Ellen Jebb Memorial High School was a Scottish institution. Dr. Elizabeth Hillary, an Englishwoman, went there to be its headmistress. She soon found that she must share her power with Miss Dinwiddie, the senior Assistant Mistress—or else delegate it to her. In its main outline the book is the story of Dr. Hillary's struggle with her stubborn, malignant lieutenant; a much slighter theme, her extremely platonic flirtation with Sir Hector John, assumes unexpected importance at the end: a *dea ex machina* is needed to pull poor Elizabeth out of the mess. One hopes that Miss Margaret Hassett is a little over-severe on Scottish educationists. Dr. Hillary had the temper of an angel, an admirable sense of humour, and a great deal of tact; she came as near to seeing the funny side of her tribulations as a human being can—and a first-rate story they make. But its moral is: Never be a headmistress in Scotland.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Straw Without Bricks. By E. M. Delafield. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)
Isaiah. By George A. Birmingham. (*Rich and Cowan; 5s.*)
King John of Jingalo. By Laurence Housman. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Educating Elizabeth. By Margaret Hassett. (*Longmans; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

" BALALAIKA " (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-War Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

" HOME AND BEAUTY " (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

" SWING ALONG " (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

" JANE EYRE " (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

" FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS " (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

" BLACK LIMELIGHT " (St. James's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

" LONDON AFTER DARK " (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

" WISE TO-MORROW " (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

" MILE AWAY MURDER " (Duchess). 8.30.—Murder—but how? D. A. Clarke-Smith runs away with it.

" HENRY V. " (Old Vic). 8.—Imaginatively produced, with Laurence Olivier and Jessica Tandy.

" GEORGE AND MARGARET " (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

" BIG BUSINESS " (Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

" THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE " (Haymarket). 8.30.—" Crime and Research " (!), with Ralph Richardson.

" CARELESS RAPTURE " (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

" THE FROG " (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

" OVER SHE GOES " (Saville). 8.15.—Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

" BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON " (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

" LOST HORIZON " (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"THE GOOD EARTH " (Palace Theatre).—Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in an impressive adaptation of a famous novel.

" ELEPHANT BOY " (Leicester Square Theatre).—Rudyard Kipling's saga of the elephants realistically filmed.

" LLOYD'S OF LONDON " (Gaumont, Haymarket).—The romantic history of insurance, starring Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

" PÉPÉ LE MOKO " (Curzon).—An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING

(*Continued*).

" JUMP FOR GLORY " (London Pavilion).—Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., in the romance of a gallant cat-burglar.

" BURGTHEATER " (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

" O-KAY FOR SOUND " (New Gallery).—Adventures of the Crazy Gang in a film-studio.

" LONDON MELODY " (Plaza).—Tullio Carminati and Anna Neagle in the tale of a diplomat and a dancer from Soho.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

" GLAMOROUS NIGHT " (Regal).—Mary Ellis and Otto Kruger in a well-staged adaptation of Ivor Novello's musical play.

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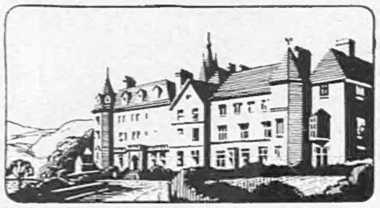

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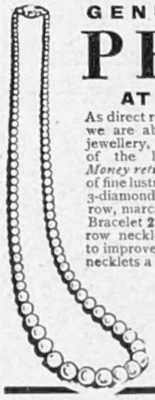

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